SELECT PORTIONS

OF THE

NEW VERSION OF PSALMS,

For every Sunday throughout the Year;

WITH THE

PRINCIPAL FESTIVALS AND FASTS.

FOR THE USE OF PARISH CHURCHES.

THE WORDS SELECTED BY

THE REV. GEORGE HAY DRUMMOND;

THE MUSIC SELECTED, ADAPTED, AND COMPOSED

BY EDWARD MILLER, MUS. DOCT.

SING YE PRAISES WITH UNDERSTANDING.

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INTRODUCTION.

THE neceſſity of a reformation in the performance of Congregational Pſalmody, and the means propoſed to effect it, have been ſtrongly enforced in the Preface to the Muſic of this Selection, by quotations from the writings of Dr. *Watts*, Dr. *Browne*, Dr. *Vincent*, and Dr. *Burney*. Another extract on the ſubject of pſalmody, from the preſent Lord Biſhop of London's charge to the clergy of the dioceſe of London, at his primary viſitation this year, may be deemed ſufficient.

After his Lordſhip has pointed out the neceſſity of a reformation in the performance of parochial pſalmody, and recommended many excellent expedients for that purpoſe; and alſo "That a *ſelection* "ſhould be made of proper portions of

"the

"the Pſalms from the new Verſion," he concludes with obſerving, that "At a time "when every other ſpecies of muſic is "cultivated with uncommon ardour, and "is become the prevailing taſte and paſ-"ſion of the age, let ſome ſhare of our "attention be beſtowed on our parochial "pſalmody; which, though of a humbler "and more ſober caſt than the generality "of our muſical performances, yet from "its connection with religion, from its "forming an antient and eſſential part of "our public ſervice, from its known and "powerful influence on the minds and "morals of the great maſs of the people, "is of more *real* and *national* and *practical* "importance, than even thoſe ſublime and "elaborate compoſitions of our great maſ-"ters, which are ſo generally and ſo juſtly "admired."

"And there is one circumſtance which "ought for ever to recommend and en-"dear it to this Proteſtant country, which "is, that it was in the higheſt eſtimation "with thoſe moſt illuſtrious of men, the "firſt *reformers*, both at home and abroad;

"that

"that it was more particularly one of the
"principal inſtruments of the rapid pro-
"greſs of the reformation in this king-
"dom; and that it gave conſolation and
"ſupport to confeſſors and martyrs in that
"glorious cauſe, under the ſevereſt perſe-
"cutions, and even in the midſt of flames
"and tortures."

If the portion of Pſalms here ſelected ſhould be found worthy to be uſed in pariſh churches, much trouble will be ſaved to the congregation in ſeeking in their Prayer-books the different ſtanzas of a Pſalm, as no words are here printed but thoſe which are to be ſung.

FIRST MORNING.

Pſalm 84. *Verſes* 1, 2, 4.

TUNE ST. ANN'S. C. M. DR. CROFT.

O GOD of hoſts, the mighty Lord,
How lovely is the place
Where thou enthron'd in glory, ſhew'ſt
The brightneſs of thy face.

My longing ſoul faints with deſire
To view thy bleſt abode;
My panting heart and fleſh cry out
For thee, the living God.

O Lord of hoſts, my King and God,
How highly bleſt are they
Who in thy temple always dwell,
And there thy praiſe diſplay!

SECOND MORNING.

Pſalm 9. *Verſes* 2, *and Glo. Pat. beginning at Verſe* 1.

TUNE WAKEFIELD. C. M. DR. HEIGHINGTON.

TO celebrate thy praiſe, O Lord,
I will my heart prepare;
To all the liſt'ning world thy works,
Thy wond'rous works declare.

The

The thought of them ſhall to my ſoul,
Exalted pleaſure bring;
Whilſt to thy name, O thou Moſt High!
Triumphant praiſe I ſing.

GLO. PAT.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And ſhall be evermore.

EVENING.

Pſalm 71. *Verſes* 3, *beginning at Verſe* 1.

LEEDS. C. M. DENBY.

IN thee I put my ſteadfaſt truſt,
Defend me, Lord, from ſhame;
Incline thine ear, and ſave my ſoul,
For righteous is thy name.

Be thou my ſtrong abiding place,
To which I may reſort;
'Tis thy decree that keeps me ſafe;
Thou art my rock and fort.

From cruel and ungodly men
Protect and ſet me free,
For from my earlieſt youth 'till now,
My hope has been in thee.

FIRST MORNING.

Psalm 5. Verses 1, 3, 7.

BRUNSWICK C. M. HANDEL.

LORD, hear the voice of my complaint,
Accept my secret pray'r;
To thee alone, my King, my God,
Will I for help repair.

Thou in the morn my voice shalt hear;
And with the dawning day
To thee devoutly I'll look up,
To thee devoutly pray.

And when thy boundless grace shall me
To thy lov'd courts restore,
On thee I'll fix my longing eyes,
And humbly there adore.

SECOND MORNING.

Psalm 57. Verses 3, beginning at Verse 8.

HANOVER. L. M. SAID TO BE HANDEL'S.

AWAKE my glory, harp and lute;
No longer let your strings be mute;
And I, my tuneful part to take,
Will with the early dawn awake.

Thy praises, Lord, I will resound
To all the list'ning nations round:
Thy mercy highest heav'n transcends,
Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.

Be thou, O God, exalted high;
And as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth display'd,
Till thou art here, as there obey'd.

First

EVENING.

Psalm 148. *Verses* 3, *beginning at Verse* 1.

PROPER TUNE. P. M. DR. MILLER.

NEW MELODY.

YE boundleſs realms of joy,
Exalt your maker's fame
His praiſe your ſong employ
Above the ſtarry frame:
Your voices raiſe,
Ye Cherubim
And Seraphim,
To ſing his praiſe. To ſing, &c.

Thou moon that rul'ſt the night;
And ſun that guid'ſt the day;
Ye glitt'ring ſtars of light,
To him your homage pay;
His praiſe declare,
Ye heav'ns above,
And clouds that move
In liquid air. In liquid, &c.

Let them adore the Lord,
And praiſe his holy name,
By whoſe almighty word
They all from nothing came;
And all ſhall laſt
From changes free:
His firm decree
Stands ever faſt. Stands ever, &c.

FIRST MORNING.

Psalm 1, *Verses* 3, *beginning at Verse* 1.

ST. JAMES'S. C. M. COURTVILLE.

NOW bleſt is he who ne'er conſents,
By ill advice to walk;
Nor ſtands in ſinners' ways, nor ſits
Where men profanely talk;

But makes the perfect law of God
His buſineſs and delight,
Devoutly reads therein by day,
And meditates by night.

Like ſome fair tree, which fed by ſtreams,
With timely fruit does bend,
He ſtill ſhall flouriſh, and ſucceſs
All his deſigns attend.

SECOND MORNING.

Psalm 97. *Verses* 1, 2, 12.

SURREY. L. M. CAREY.

JEHOVAH reigns, let all the earth
In his juſt government rejoice;
Let all the iſles with ſacred mirth,
In his applauſe unite their voice.

Darkneſs

Darkneſs and clouds of ſorrowful ſhade
His dazzling glory ſhroud in ſtate;
Juſtice and truth his guards are made,
And fixt, by his pavilion wait.

Rejoice, ye righteous in the Lord,
Memorials of his holineſs,
Deep in your faithful breaſts record,
And with your faithful tongues confeſs.

EVENING.

Pſalm 89. Verſes 1, 2, 5.

MECKLENBURG. P. M. EMANUEL BACH.

THY mercies, Lord, ſhall be my ſong,
My ſong on them ſhall ever dwell. My ſong, &c*.
To ages yet unborn my tongue
Thy never failing truth ſhall tell.

I have affirm'd, and ſtill maintain,
Thy mercy ſhall for ever laſt. Thy mercy, &c.
Thy truth that does the heav'ns ſuſtain,
Like them ſhall ſtand for ever faſt.

For ſuch ſtupendous truth and love
Both heav'n and earth juſt praiſes owe. Both, &c.]
By choirs of angels ſung above,
And by aſſembled ſaints below.

* That congregations may ſeldom meet with any difficulties in ſinging, this is the only Pſalm in the book where the ſecond line of a ſtanza is repeated.

FIRST MORNING.

Psalm 18. *Verses* 1, 2, 3, 16.

OLD HUNDREDTH TUNE. L. M. MARTIN LUTHER.

NO change of times ſhall ever ſhock
My firm affection, Lord, to thee;
For thou haſt always been a rock,
A fortreſs and defence to me.

Thou my deliv'rer art, my God;
My truſt is in thy mighty power;
Thou art my ſhield from foes abroad;
At home, my ſafeguard and my tow'r.

To thee I'll ſtill addreſs my pray'r,
(To whom all praiſe we juſtly owe)
So ſhall I, by thy watchful care
Be guarded from my treach'rous foe.

His ſubtle rage had near prevail'd,
When I diſtreſs'd and friendleſs lay,
But ſtill when other ſuccours fail'd,
God was my firm ſupport and ſtay.

SECOND MORNING.

Psalm 33. *Verses* 3, *beginning at Verse* 1.

SHEFFIELD. C. M. WHITTON.

LET all the juſt to God with joy
Their cheerful voices raiſe;
For well the righteous it becomes
To ſing glad ſongs of praiſe.

Let

Let harps, and psalteries, and lutes
In joyful concert meet,
And new-made songs of loud applause
The harmony complete.

For faithful is the word of God,
His works with truth abound;
He justice loves, and all the earth
Is with his goodness crown'd.

EVENING.

Psalm 34. *Verse* 1. *beginning at Verse* 8.

BURFORD. C. M. SAID TO BE PURCELL'S.

THRO' all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

Of his deliv'rance I will boast,
Till all that are distress'd
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.

O magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt his name;
When in distress to him I call'd,
He to my succour came.

FIRST MORNING.

Psalm 112. *Verse* 1, 3, 4, 6.

LYNN. L. M. DR. BURNEY.
NEW MELODY.

THAT man is bleſt who ſtands in awe
Of God, and loves his ſacred law;
His ſeed on earth ſhall be renown'd,
And with ſucceſſive honours crown'd.

His houſe, the ſeat of wealth ſhall be
An inexhauſted treaſury;
His juſtice, free from all decay,
Shall bleſſings to his heirs convey.

The ſoul that's fill'd with virtue's light,
Shines brighteſt in affliction's night,
To pity the diſtreſs'd inclin'd,
As well as juſt to all mankind.

Beſet with threat'ning dangers round,
Unmov'd ſhall he maintain his ground:
The ſweet remembrance of the juſt
Shall flouriſh when he ſleeps in duſt.

SECOND MORNING.

Psalm 92. *Verse* 2, *and Glo. Pat. beginning at Verse* 3.

ST. MAGNUS. C. M. JEREMIAH CLARK.

TO ten-ſtring'd inſtruments we'll ſing,
With tuneful pſalt'ries join'd;
And to the harp, with ſolemn ſounds,
For ſacred uſe deſign'd.

For thro' thy wond'rous works, O Lord,
Thou mak'ſt my heart rejoice;
The thoughts of them ſhall make me glad,
And ſhout with cheerful voice.

GLO.

GLO. PAT.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
The God whom we adore;
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And ſhall be evermore.

EVENING.

Pſalm 150.

SUFFOLK. L. M. BRENTBANK.

O PRAISE the Lord in that bleſt place,
From whence his goodneſs largely flows;
Praiſe him in heav'n, where he his face
Unveil'd in perfect glory ſhows.

Praiſe him for all his mighty acts
Which he in our behalf hath done;
His kindneſs this return exacts,
With which our praiſe ſhould equal run.

Let the ſhrill trumpet's warlike voice
Make rocks and hills his praiſe rebound;
Praiſe him with harp's melodious noiſe,
And gentle pſalt'ry's ſilver ſound.

Let virgin-troops ſoft timbrels bring,
And ſome with graceful motion dance;
Let inſtruments of various ſtrings,
With organs join'd, his praiſe advance.

Let them who joyful hymns compoſe,
To cymbals ſet their ſongs of praiſe;
Cymbals of common uſe, and thoſe
That loudly ſound on ſolemn days.

Let all that vital breath enjoy,
The breath he does to them afford,
In juſt returns of praiſe employ;
Let ev'ry creature praiſe the Lord.

Fifth

FIRST MORNING.

Pſalm 139. *Verſes* 4, *beginning at Verſe* 1.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

THOU, Lord, by ſtricteſt ſearch haſt known
My riſing-up and lying-down;
My ſecret thoughts are known to thee,
Known long before conceiv'd by me.

Thine eye my bed and path ſurveys,
My public haunts, and private ways;
Thou know'ſt what 'tis my lips would vent,
My yet unutter'd words intent.

Surrounded by thy pow'r I ſtand,
On ev'ry ſide I find thy hand:
O ſkill, for human reach too high!
Too dazzling bright for mortal eye!

O could I ſo perfidious be,
To think of once deſerting thee!
Where, Lord, could I thy influence ſhun,
Or whither from thy preſence run?

SECOND MORNING.

Pſalm 105. *Verſes* 4, *beginning at Verſe* 1.

MANCHESTER. C. M. DR. WAINWRIGHT.

O RENDER thanks, and bleſs the Lord;
Invoke his ſacred name;
Acquaint the nations with his deeds,
His matchleſs deeds proclaim.

Sing

Sing to his praiſe in lofty hymns,
His wond'rous works rehearſe;
Make them the theme of your diſcourſe,
And ſubject of your verſe.

Rejoice in his almighty name,
Alone to be ador'd
And let their hearts o'erflow with joy,
That humbly ſeek the Lord.

Seek ye the Lord, his ſaving ſtrength
Devoutly ſtill implore:
And, where he's ever preſent, ſeek
His face for ever more.

EVENING.

Pſalm 15. *Verſes* 1, 2, 3, 7.

BRODSWORTH. C. M. DR. ARNE.

LORD, who's the happy man that may
To thy bleſt courts repair;
Not ſtranger like, to viſit them,
But to inhabit there.

'Tis he whoſe ev'ry thought and deed,
By rules of virtue moves;
Whoſe gen'rous tongue diſdains to ſpeak
The thing his heart diſproves.

Who never did a ſlander forge
His neighbours fame to wound;
Nor hearken to a falſe report,
By malice whiſper'd round.

The man who by this ſteady courſe
Has happineſs inſur'd,
When earth's foundation ſhakes, ſhall ſtand
By Providence ſecur'd.

FIRST MORNING.

Psalm 125. *Verses* 1, 2, 4.

YORK. C. M. JOHN MILTON.

WHO place in Sion's God their truſt,
Like Sion's rock ſhall ſtand;
Like her, immoveable be fix'd
By his almighty hand.

Look how the hills on ev'ry ſide
Jeruſalem incloſe;
So ſtands the Lord around his ſaints
To guard them from their foes.

Be good, O righteous God, to thoſe
Who righteous deeds effect,
The heart that innocence retains,
Let innocence protect.

SECOND MORNING.

Psalm 100.

PROPER TUNE. L. M. MARTIN LUTHER.

WITH one conſent let all the earth
To God their cheerful voices raiſe;
Glad homage pay with awful mirth,
And ſing before him ſongs of praiſe.

Convinc'd that he is God alone,
From whom both we, and all proceed:
We, whom he chooſes for his own,
The flock that he vouchſafes to feed.

O enter then his temple gate,
Thence to his courts devoutly preſs,
And ſtill your grateful hymns repeat,
And ſtill his name with praiſes bleſs.

For

For he's the Lord, ſupremely good,
His mercy is for ever ſure;
His truth, which always firmly ſtood,
To endleſs ages ſhall endure.

EVENING.

Pſalm 149. *Verſes* 2 *and Glo. Pat. beginning at Verſe* 1.

PROPER TUNE. P. M. SAID TO BE HANDEL'S.

O PRAISE ye the Lord,
Prepare your glad voice,
His praiſe in the great
Aſſembly to ſing;
In our great Creator
Let Iſr'el rejoice;
And children of Sion
Be glad in their King

Let them his great name
Extol in the dance;
With timbrel and harp
His praiſes expreſs:
Who always takes pleaſure
His ſaints to advance,
And with his ſalvation
The humble to bleſs.

GLO. PAT.

By Angels in heav'n
Of ev'ry degree,
And ſaints upon earth,
All praiſe be addreſs'd.
To God in three perſons,
One God ever bleſt;
As it has been, now is,
And always ſhall be.

FIRST MORNING.

Pſalm 103. *Verſes* 3, *beginning at Verſe* 19.

KENT. L. M. GEORGE GREEN.

THE Lord, the univerſal king,
In heav'n has fixt his lofty throne:
To him, ye angels, praiſes ſing,
In whoſe great ſtrength his power is ſhown.

Ye that his juſt commands obey,
And hear and do his ſacred will;
Ye hoſts of his, this tribute pay,
Who ſtill what he ordains fulfil.

Let ev'ry creature jointly bleſs
The mighty Lord, and thou my heart,
With grateful joy thy thanks expreſs,
And in this concert bear thy part.

SECOND MORNING.

Pſalm 145. *Verſes* 4, *beginning at Verſe* 1.

LINCOLN. C. M.

THEE I'll extol, my God and king,
Thy endleſs praiſe proclaim:
This tribute daily I will bring,
And ever bleſs thy name.

Thou, Lord, beyond compare art great,
And highly to be prais'd;
Thy majeſty with boundleſs height,
Above our knowledge rais'd.

Renown'd

Renown'd for mighty acts, thy fame
To future times extends;
From age to age thy glorious name
Succeſſively deſcends.

Whilſt I thy glory and renown,
And wond'rous works expreſs;
The world with me thy might ſhall own,
And thy great pow'r confeſs.

EVENING.

Pſalm 119. *Verſes* 3, *beginning at Verſe* 17.

ST. DAVID'S C. M. RAVENSCROFT.

BE gracious to thy ſervant, Lord,
Do thou my life defend,
That I, according to thy word,
My time to come may ſpend.

Enlighten both my eyes and mind,
That ſo I may diſcern
The wond'rous things which they behold,
Who thy juſt precepts learn.

Tho', like a ſtranger in the land,
From place to place I ſtray,
Thy righteous judgments from my ſight
Remove not thou away.

FIRST MORNING.

Pſalm 90. *Verſes* 3, *beginning at Verſe* 1.

ST. MARY'S. C. M. RATHIEL.

O LORD, the Saviour and defence
Of us thy choſen race,
From age to age thou ſtill haſt been
Our ſure abiding place.

Before thou brought'ſt the mountains forth,
Or th' earth and world didſt frame,
Thou always wert the mighty God,
And ever art the ſame.

Thou turneſt man, O Lord, to duſt,
Of which he firſt was made;
And when thou ſpak'ſt the word, return—
'Tis inſtantly obey'd.

SECOND MORNING.

Pſalm 96. *Verſes* 1, 10, 12.

PROPER TUNE. P. M. DR. MILLER.
NEW MELODY.

SING to the Lord a new-made ſong,
Let earth in one aſſembled throng,
Her common patron's praiſe reſound.
Sing to the Lord, and bleſs his name,
From day to day his praiſe proclaim,
Who us hath with ſalvation crown'd,

CHORUS.

To heathen lands his fame rehearſe,
His wonders to the univerſe.

Proclaim

Proclaim aloud, Jehovah reigns,
Whose pow'r the universe sustains,
And banish'd justice will restore;
Let therefore heav'n new joys confess,
And heav'nly mirth, let earth express
Its loud applause the ocean roar;

CHORUS.

Its mute inhabitants rejoice,
And for their triumph find a voice.

For joy let fertile valleys sing,
The cheerful groves their tribute bring;
The tuneful choir of birds awake,
The Lord's approach to celebrate,
Who now sets out with awful state,
His circuit tho' the earth to take:

CHORUS.

From heav'n to judge the word he's come,
With justice to reward and doom.

EVENING.

Psalm 19. *Verses* 3, *beginning at Verse* 1.

BEDFORD. C. M. W. WHEALL, M. B.

THE heav'ns declare thy glory, Lord,
Which that alone can fill;
The firmament and stars express
Their great creator's skill;

The dawn of each returning day,
Fresh beams of knowledge brings:
From darkest night's successive rounds
Divine instruction springs.

Their pow'rful language to no realm
Nor region is confin'd;
'Tis Nature's voice, and understood
Alike by all mankind.

FIRST MORNING.

Pſalm 146. *Verſes* 6, 7, 8, 10.

MESSIAH. C. M. HANDEL.

THE Lord who made both heav'n and earth,
And all that they contain,
Will never quit his ſteadfaſt truth,
Nor make his promiſe vain.

The poor oppreſs'd, from all their wrongs,
Are eas'd by his decree:
He gives the hungry needful food,
And ſets the pris'ners free.

By him the blind receive their ſight,
The weak and fall'n he rears;
With kind regard and tender love
He for the righteous cares.

The God that does in Sion dwell,
Is our eternal king;
From age to age his reign endures,
Let all his praiſes ſing.

SECOND MORNING.

Pſalm 95. *Verſes* 1, 2, 3, 6.

SURREY. L. M. CAREY.

O COME, loud anthems let us ſing,
Loud thanks to our Almighty King,
For we our voices high ſhould raiſe,
When our ſalvation's rock we praiſe.

Into

Into his preſence let us haſte,
To thank him for his favours paſt:
To him addreſs in joyful ſongs
The praiſe that to his name belongs.

For God the Lord, enthron'd in ſtate,
Is, with unrival'd glory, great;
A king ſuperior far to all,
Whom, by his title, God we call.

O let us to his courts repair,
And bow with adoration there;
Down on our knees devoutly all,
Before the Lord our maker fall.

EVENING.

Pſalm 117. *And Glo. Pat.*

ST. MAGNUS. C. M. JER. CLARK.

WITH cheerful notes let all the earth
To heav'n their voices raiſe;
Let all inſpir'd with godly mirth,
Sing ſolemn hymns of praiſe.

God's tender mercy knows no bound,
His truth ſhall ne'er decay;
Then let the willing nations round,
Their grateful tribute pay.

GLO. PAT.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And ſhall be ever more.

FIRST MORNING.

Psalm 51. *Verses* 3, *beginning at Verse* 1.

GALLWAY. 8. M. DR. MILLER.

NEW MELODY.

HAVE mercy, Lord, on me,
As thou wert ever kind;
Let me, oppreſs'd with loads of guilt,
Thy wonted mercy find.

Waſh off my foul offence,
And cleanſe me from my ſin;
For I confeſs my crime, and ſee
How great my guilt has been.

Againſt thee, Lord, alone,
And only in thy ſight
Have I tranſgreſs'd; and tho' condemn'd,
Muſt own thy judgments right.

SECOND MORNING.

Psalm 34. *Verses* 3, *beginning at Verse* 1.

BURFORD. C. M. SAID TO BE PURCELL'S.

THRO' all the changing ſcenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praiſes of my God ſhall ſtill
My heart and tongue employ.

Of

Of his deliv'rance I will boaſt,
'Till all that are diſtreſs'd,
From my example, comfort take,
And charm their griefs to reſt

O magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt his name:
When in diſtreſs to him I call'd,
He to my ſuccour came.

EVENING.

Pſalm 97. *Verſes* 3, *beginning at Verſe* 10.

KENT. L. M. GEORGE GREEN.

YOU, who to ſerve the Lord aſpire,
Abhor what's ill, and truth eſteem:
He'll keep his ſervant's ſoul entire,
And them from wicked hands redeem.

For ſeeds are ſown of glorious light,
A future harveſt for the juſt;
And gladneſs for the heart that's right,
To recompenſe his pious truſt.

Rejoice, ye righteous, in the Lord,
Memorials of his holineſs,
Deep in your faithful breaſts record,
And with your thankful tongues confeſs.

FIRST MORNING.

Pſalm 90. *Verſes* 2, *beginning at Verſe* 13.

WINDSOR. C. M. RAVENSCROFT.

O TO thy ſervants, Lord, return,
And ſpeedily relent!
As we of our miſdeeds, do thou
Of our juſt doom repent.

To ſatisfy and cheer our ſouls,
Thy early mercy ſend;
That we may all our days to come
In joy and comfort ſpend.

SECOND MORNING.

Pſalm 51. *Verſes* 3, *beginning at Verſe* 15.

ALL SAINTS. S. M. DR. HOWARD.

DO thou unlock my lips,
With ſorrow clos'd and ſhame;
So ſhall my mouth thy wond'rous praiſe
To all the world proclaim.

Could ſacrifice atone,
Whole flocks and herds ſhould die;
But on ſuch off'rings thou diſdain'ſt
To caſt a gracious eye.

A broken ſpirit is
By God moſt highly priz'd;
By him a broken contrite heart
Shall never be deſpis'd.

EVENING.

Pſalm 27. Verſes 3, beginning at Verſe 7.

ST. MARY'S. C. M. RATHIEL.

CONTINUE, Lord, to hear my voice,
When e'er to thee I cry;
In mercy all my pray'rs receive,
Nor my requeſt deny.

When us to ſeek thy glorious face
Thou kindly doſt adviſe;
"Thy glorious face I'll always ſeek,"
My grateful heart replies.

Then hide not thou thy face, O Lord,
Nor me in wrath reject;
My God and Saviour, leave not him
Thou did'ſt ſo oft protect.

FIRST MORNING.

Pſalm 77. Verſes 4, beginning at Verſe 7.

BISHOP THORPE. C. M. JER. CLARK.

HAS God for ever caſt us off?
Withdrawn his favour quite?
Are both his mercy and his truth,
Retir'd to endleſs night?

Can his long practis'd love forget
Its wonted aid to bring?
Has he in wrath ſhut up and ſeal'd
His mercy's healing ſpring?

I ſaid my weakneſs hints theſe fears,
But I'll my fears diſband;
I'll yet remember the moſt high,
And years of his right hand.

I'll call to mind his works of old,
The wonders of his might;
On them my heart ſhall meditate,
My tongue ſhall them recite.

SECOND MORNING.

Pſalm 111. *Verſes* 4, *and Glo. Pat. beginning at Verſe* 1.

SUFFOLK. L. M. BRENTBANK.

PRAISE ye the Lord; our God to praiſe
My ſoul her utmoſt pow'r ſhall raiſe,
With private friends, and in the throng
Of ſaints his praiſe ſhall be my ſong.

His works, for greatneſs tho' renown'd,
His wond'rous works with eaſe are found
By thoſe who ſeek for them aright,
And in the pious ſearch delight.

His

His works are all of matchleſs fame,
And univerſal glory claim;
His truth confirm'd thro' ages paſt
Shall to eternal ages laſt.

By precepts he hath us enjoyn'd
To keep his wond'rous works in mind,
And to poſterity record,
That good and gracious is our Lord.

GLO. PAT.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
The God whom heav'n and earth adore,
Be glory, as it was of old,
Is now, and ſhall be evermore.

EVENING.

Pſalm 92. *Verſes* 4, *beginning at Verſe* 1.

SHEFFIELD. C. M. WHITTON.

HOW good and pleaſant muſt it be
To thank the Lord moſt high,
And with repeated hymns of praiſe
His name to magnify.

With ev'ry morning's early dawn,
His goodneſs to relate;
And of his conſtant truth each night,
The glad effects repeat.

To ten ſtring'd inſtruments we'll ſing,
With tuneful pſalt'ries join'd
And to the harp with ſolemn ſounds,
For ſacred uſe deſign'd.

For thro' thy wond'rous works, O Lord,
Thou mak'ſt my heart rejoice;
The thoughts of them ſhall make me glad,
And ſhout with cheerful voice.

FIRST MORNING.

Psalm 25. *Verses* 1, 11, 14.

GALLWAY. S. M. DR. MILLER.
NEW MELODY.

TO God in whom I truſt,
I lift my heart and voice;
O let me not be put to ſhame,
Nor let my foes rejoice.

Since mercy is the grace
That moſt exalts thy fame,
Forgive my heinous ſin, O Lord,
And ſo advance thy name.

For God to all his ſaints
His ſacred will imparts,
And does his gracious cov'nant write
In their obedient hearts.

SECOND MORNING.

Psalm 65. *Verses* 3, *beginning at Verse* 1.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

FOR thee, O God, our conſtant praiſe
In Sion waits, thy choſen ſeat;
Our promis'd altars there we'll raiſe,
And all our zealous vows compleat.

O thou,

O thou, who to our humble prayer
Didſt always bend thy liſt'ning ear;
To thee ſhall all mankind repair,
And at thy gracious throne appear.

Our ſins (though numberleſs) in vain
To ſtop thy flowing mercy try;
Whilſt thou o'erlook'ſt the guilty ſtain,
And waſheſt out the crimſon dye.

EVENING.

Pſalm 130. *Verſes* 3, *beginning at Verſe* 1.

ALL SAINTS. S. M. DR. HOWARD.

FROM loweſt depths of woe,
To God I ſend my cry;
Lord hear my ſupplicating voice,
And graciouſly reply.

Should'ſt thou ſeverely judge,
Who can the trial bear?
But thou forgiv'ſt, leſt we deſpond,
And quite renounce thy fear.

My ſoul with patience waits
For thee, the living Lord:
My hopes are on thy promiſe built,
Thy never-failing word

FIRST MORNING.

Psalm 79. *Verses* 8, 9, 13.

MESSIAH. C. M. HANDEL.

O THINK not on our former ſins,
But ſpeedily prevent
The utter ruin of thy ſaints,
Who now with grief repent.

Thou God of our ſalvation, help,
And free our ſouls from blame;
So ſhall our pardon and defence
Exalt thy glorious name.

So we, thy people and thy flock,
Shall ever praiſe thy name;
And with glad hearts our grateful thanks
From age to age proclaim.

SECOND MORNING.

Psalm 103. *Verses* 3, *beginning at Verse* 8.

SURREY. L. M. CAREY.

THE Lord abounds with tender love,
And unexampled acts of grace;
His waken'd wrath does ſlowly move;
His willing mercy flows apace.

God

God will not always harſhly chide,
But with his anger quickly part;
And loves his puniſhments to guide,
More by his love than our deſert.

As high as heav'n its arch extends,
Above this little ſpot of clay;
So much his boundleſs love tranſcends
The ſmall reſpects that we can pay.

EVENING.

Pſalm 94. *Verſes* 4, *beginning at Verſe* 12.

BRUNSWICK. C. M. HANDEL.

BLEST is the man whom thou, O Lord,
In kindneſs doſt chaſtiſe;
And by thy ſacred rules to walk,
Doſt lovingly adviſe.

This man ſhall reſt, and ſafety find
In ſeaſons of diſtreſs:
Whilſt God prepares a pit for thoſe
That ſtubornly tranſgreſs.

For God will never from his ſaints
His favour wholly take;
His own poſſeſſion and his lot,
He will not quite forſake.

The world ſhall then confeſs thee juſt
In all that thou haſt done;
And thoſe that chuſe thy upright ways,
Shall in thoſe paths go on.

FIRST MORNING.

Psalm 40. Verses 3, beginning at Verse 5.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

WHO can the wond'rous works recount,
Which thou, O God, for us haſt wrought?
The treaſures of thy love ſurmount
The pow'r of number, ſpeech, and thought.

I've learnt that thou haſt not deſir'd
Off'rings and ſacrifice alone;
Nor blood of guiltleſs beaſts requir'd
For man's tranſgreſſion to atone.

I therefore come—come to fulfil
The oracles thy books impart:
'Tis my delight to do thy will;
Thy law is written in my heart.

SECOND MORNING.

Psalm 24. Verses 4, beginning at Verse 7, and repeated.

DONCASTER. C. M. DR. MILLER.
NEW MELODY.

ERECT your heads, eternal gates,
Unfold to entertain
The King of Glory: ſee! he comes
With his celeſtial train.

Who

Who is the King of Glory? who!
The Lord, for ſtrength renown'd;
In battle mighty; o'er his foes
Eternal victor crown'd.

Erect your heads, ye gates! unfold
In ſtate to entertain
The King of Glory: ſee! he comes
With all his ſhining train.

Who is the King of Glory? who!
The Lord of hoſts renown'd:
Of glory he alone is king,
Who is with glory crown'd.

EVENING.

Pſalm 81. *Verſes* 3, *beginning at Verſe* 1.

WAKEFIELD. C. M. DR. HEIGHINGTON.

TO God our never-failing ſtrength,
With loud applauſes ſing;
And jointly make a cheerful noiſe
To Jacob's awful king.

Compoſe a hymn of praiſe, and touch
Your inſtruments of joy;
Let pſalteries and pleaſant harps
Your grateful ſkill employ.

Let trumpets at the great new moon
Their joyful voices raiſe,
To celebrate th' appointed time,
The ſolemn day of praiſe.

FIRST MORNING.

Psalm 98. *Verses* 4, *beginning at Verse* 1.

ST. JAMES'S. C. M. COURTVILLE.

SING to the Lord a new-made ſong,
Who wond'rous things has done;
With his right-hand and holy arm
The conqueſt he has won.

The Lord has through th' aſtoniſh'd world
Diſplay'd his ſaving might,
And made his righteous acts appear
In all the heathens' ſight.

Of Iſr'els houſe, his love and truth
Have ever mindful been:
Wide earth's remoteſt parts the power
Of Iſr'els God have ſeen,

Let therefore earth's inhabitants
Their cheerful voices raiſe,
And all with univerſal joy
Reſound their maker's praiſe.

SECOND MORNING.

Psalm 149. *Verses* 2, *and Gla. Pat. beginning at Verse* 1.

PROPER TUNE. P. M. SAID TO BE HANDEL'S.

O PRAISE ye the Lord,
Prepare your glad voice,
His praiſe in the great
Aſſembly to ſing;
In our great Creator
Let Iſr'el rejoice;
And children of Sion
Be glad in their King.

Let

Let them his great name
Extol in the dance;
With timbrel and harp
His praiſes expreſs:
Who always takes pleaſure
His ſaints to advance,
And with his ſalvation
The humble to bleſs.

GLO. PAT.

By Angels in heav'n
Of ev'ry degree,
And ſaints upon earth,
All praiſe be addreſs'd.
To God in three perſons,
One God ever bleſt;
As it has been, now is,
And always ſhall be.

EVENING.

Pſalm 93.

ST. MARGARET'S. L. M. DR. BURNEY.

WITH glory clad, with ſtrength array'd,
The Lord, that o'er all nature reigns,
The world's foundation ſtrongly laid,
And the vaſt fabric ſtill ſuſtains.

How ſurely 'ſtabliſh'd is thy throne!
Which ſhall no change nor period ſee;
For thou, O Lord, and thou alone,
Art God from all eternity!

The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,
And toſs the troubled waves on high;
But God above can ſtill their noiſe,
And make the angry ſea comply.

Thy promiſe, Lord, is ever ſure;
And they that in thy houſe would dwell,
That happy ſtation to ſecure
Muſt ſtill in holineſs excel.

FIRST MORNING.

Psalm 8. *Verses* 1, 3, 4, 5, 9.

HATFIELD. C. M. DR. MILLER.
NEW MELODY.

O THOU, to whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,
Thro' all the world how great art thou!
How glorious is thy name! How glorious, &c.

When heav'n, thy beaut'ous work on high,
Employs my wond'ring sight;
The moon, that nightly rules the sky,
With stars of feebler light; With stars, &c.

What's man (say I) that, Lord, thou lov'st
To keep him in thy mind?
Or what his offspring, that thou prov'st
To them so wond'rous kind? To them, &c.

Him next in pow'r thou didst create
To thy celestial train;
Ordain'd with dignity and state,
O'er all thy works to reign. O'er all, &c.

O thou to whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,
Thro' all the world how great art thou!
How glorious is thy name. How glorious, &c.

SECOND MORNING.

Psalm 4. *Verses* 1, 3, 4, 6.

BISHOP THORPE. C. M. JER. CLARK.

O Lord, thou art my righteous judge,
To my complaint give ear,
Thou still redeem'st me from distress;
Have mercy, Lord, and hear.

Consider

Conſider, that the righteous man
Is God's peculiar choice;
And when to him I make my pray'r,
He always hears my voice.

Then ſtand in awe of his commands,
Flee ev'ry thing that's ill;
Commune in private with your hearts,
And bend them to his will.

While worldly minds impatient grow
More proſp'rous times to ſee,
Still let the glories of thy face
Shine brightly, Lord, on me.

EVENING.

Pſalm 9. *Verſes* 3, *beginning at Verſe* 9.

LINCOLN. C. M.

GOD is a conſtant ſure defence
Againſt oppreſſing rage;
As troubles riſe, his needful aids
In our behalf engage.

All thoſe who have his goodneſs prov'd
Will in his truth confide;
Whoſe mercy ne'er forſook the man
That on his help rely'd.

Sing praiſes therefore to the Lord,
From Sion, his abode;
Proclaim his deeds, till all the world
Confeſs no other God.

FIRST MORNING.

Psalm 5. *Verses* 1, 3, 7.

BRUNSWICK. C. M. HANDEL.

LORD, hear the voice of my complaint,
Accept my ſecret pray'r;
To thee alone, my King, my God,
Will I for help repair.

Thou in the morn my voice ſhalt hear;
And with the dawning day
To thee devoutly I'll look up,
To thee devoutly pray.

And when thy boundleſs grace ſhall me
To thy lov'd courts reſtore,
On thee I'll fix my longing eyes,
And humbly there adore.

SECOND MORNING.

Psalm 111. *Verses* 4, *beginning at Verse* 1, *and Glo. Pat.*

SUFFOLK. L. M. CAREY.

PRAISE ye the Lord; our God to praiſe
My ſoul her utmoſt pow'r ſhall raiſe,
With private friends, and in the throng,
Of ſaints his praiſe ſhall be my ſong.

His works for greatneſs tho' renown'd,
His wond'rous works with eaſe are found
By thoſe who ſeek for them aright,
And in the pious ſearch delight.

His works are all of matchleſs fame,
And univerſal glory claim;
His truth confirm'd thro' ages paſt,
Shall to eternal ages laſt.

By

By precepts he hath us enjoin'd
To keep his wond'rous works in mind,
And to posterity record,
That good and gracious is our Lord.

GLO. PAT.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heav'n and earth adore,
Be glory as it was of old,
Is now, and shall be evermore.

EVENING

Psalm 34. *Verses* 3, *beginning at Verse* 12.

ST. DAVID'S. C. M. RAVENSCROFT.

LET him who length of life desires,
And prosp'rous days would see,
From sland'ring language keep his tongue,
His lips from falsehood free.

The crooked paths of vice decline,
And virtue's ways pursue;
Establish peace where 'tis begun,
And where 'tis lost, renew.

The Lord from heav'n beholds the just
With favourable eyes;
And when distress'd, his gracious ear
Is open to their cries.

FIRST MORNING.

Pſalm 106. *Verſes* 4, *beginning at Verſe* 1.

EMANUEL. L. M. EMANUEL BACH.

NEW MELODY.

O RENDER thanks to God above;
The fountain of eternal love;
Whoſe mercy firm through ages paſt
Has ſtood, and ſhall for ever laſt.

Who can his mighty deeds expreſs,
Not only vaſt but numberleſs?
What mortal eloquence can raiſe
His tribute of immortal praiſe?

Happy are they, and only they,
Who from thy judgments never ſtray,
Who know what's right, not only ſo
But always practice what they know.

Extend to me that favour, Lord,
Thou to thy choſen doſt afford;
When thou return'ſt to ſet them free,
Let thy ſalvation viſit me.

SECOND MORNING.

Pſalm 102. *Verſes* 4, *beginning at Verſe* 25.

LEEDS. C. M. DENBY.

THE ſtrong foundations of the earth
Of old by thee were laid;
Thy hands the beauteous arch of heav'n
With wond'rous ſkill have made.

Whilſt

Whilſt thou for ever ſhalt endure,
They ſoon ſhall paſs away;
And, like a garment often worn,
Shall tarniſh and decay.
Like that, when thou ordain'ſt the change,
To thy command they bend;
But thou continu'ſt ſtill the ſame,
Nor have thy years an end.

Thou to the children of thy ſervants
Shall laſting quiet give,
Whoſe happy race, ſecurely fixt,
Shall in thy preſence live.

EVENING.

Pſalm 112. *Verſes* 1, 3, 4, 6.

LYNN. L. M. DR. BURNEY.

NEW MELODY.

THAT man is bleſt who ſtands in awe
Of God, and loves his ſacred law;
His ſeed on earth ſhall be renown'd,
And with ſucceſſive honours crown'd.

His houſe the ſeat of wealth ſhall be
An inexhauſted treaſury;
His juſtice free from all decay,
Shall bleſſings to his heirs convey.

The ſoul that's fill'd with virtue's light,
Shines brighteſt in Affliction's night:
To pity the diſtreſs'd inclin'd,
As well as juſt to all mankind.

Beſet with threat'ning dangers round,
Unmov'd ſhall he maintain his ground;
The ſweet remembrance of the juſt
Shall flouriſh when he ſleeps in duſt.

FIRST MORNING.

Psalm 89. Verses 1, 2, 5.

MECKLENBURG. L. M. EMANUEL BACH.

THY mercies, Lord, shall be my song,
My song on them shall ever dwell. My song, &c.
To ages yet unborn my tongue
Thy never failing truth shall tell.

I have affirm'd, and still maintain,
Thy mercy shall for ever last. Thy mercy, &c.
Thy truth that does the heav'ns sustain,
Like them shall stand for ever fast.

For such stupendous truth and love
Both heav'n and earth just praises owe. Both, &c.
By choirs of angels sung above,
And by assembled saints below.

SECOND MORNING.

Psalm 23. Verses 1, 3, 4, 6.

BREDSWORTH. C. M. DR. ARNE.

THE Lord himself, the mighty Lord,
Vouchsafes to be my guide;
The shepherd by whose constant care
My wants are all supply'd.

He does my wand'ring soul reclaim,
And to his endless praise,
Instruct with humble zeal to walk
In his most righteous ways.

I pass the gloomy vale of death
From fear and danger free;
For there his aiding rod and staff
Defend and comfort me.

Since God does thus his wond'rous love
Through all my life extend,
That life to him I will devote,
And in his temple spend.

EVENING.

Psalm 136. *Verses* 1, 2, 25.

148TH PROPER TUNE. L. M. DR. MILLER.

TO God the mighty Lord,
Your joyful thanks repeat;
To him due praise afford
As good as he is great:
For God does prove
Our constant friend,
His boundless love
Shall never end. Shall, &c.

To him whose wond'rous pow'r
All other gods obey,
Whom earthly kings adore,
His grateful homage pay,
For God does prove
Our constant friend
His boundless love
Shall never end. Shall, &c.

He does the food supply
On which all creatures live;
To God who reigns on high,
Eternal praises give.
For God will prove
Our constant friend;
His boundless love
Shall never end. Shall, &c.

FIRST MORNING.

Psalm 116. *Verse* 4, *beginning at Verse* 5.

BISHOP THORPE. C. M. JER. CLARK.

HOW juſt and merciful is God,
How gracious is the Lord!
Who ſaves the harmleſs, and to me
Does timely aid afford.

Then free from penſive cares my ſoul,
Reſume thy wonted reſt;
For God has wond'rouſly to thee
His bounteous love expreſt.

When death alarm'd me, he remov'd
My dangers and my fears;
My feet from falling he ſecur'd,
And dry'd my eyes from tears.

Therefore my life's remaining years,
Which God to me ſhall lend,
Will I in praiſes to his name,
And in his ſervice ſpend.

SECOND MORNING.

Psalm 66. *Verse* 1, 2, 3, 5, *and* Glo. Pat.

ST. MAGNUS. C. M. JEREMIAH CLARK.

LET all the land with ſhouts of joy,
To God their voices raiſe;
Sing pſalms in honour of his name,
And ſpread his glorious praiſe.

And

And let them say, how dreadful, Lord,
In all thy works art thou!
To thy great pow'r thy ſtubborn foes
Shall all be forc'd to bow.
O come, behold the works of God,
And then with me you'll own,
That he to all the ſons of men
Has wond'rous judgments ſhown.

GLORY BE.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And ſhall be evermore.

EVENING.

Pſalm 113. *Verſes* 2, *beginning at Verſe* 1.

PROPER TUNE. P. M. DR. MILLER.
NEW MELODY.

YE ſaints and ſervant of the Lord,
The triumphs of his name record,
His ſacred name for ever bleſs.
Where'er the circling ſun diſplays,
His riſing beams, or ſetting rays,
Due praiſe to his great name addreſs.

God thro' the world extends his ſway,
The regions of eternal day;
But ſhadows of his glory are,
To him whoſe majeſty excels,
Who made the heav'n in which he dwells,
Let no created power compare.

Sunday

FIRST MORNING.

Pſalm 47. Verſes 2, beginning at Verſe 5.

ST. MARGARET'S. L. M. DR. BURNEY.

NEW MELODY.

GOD is gone up, our Lord and King,
With ſhouts of joy, and trumpets ſound;
To him repeated praiſes ſing,
And let the cheerful ſong go round.

Your utmoſt ſkill in praiſe be ſhown,
For him who all the world commands,
Who ſits upon his righteous throne,
And ſpreads his ſway o'er heathen lands.

SECOND MORNING.

Pſalm 24. Verſes 4, beginning at Verſe 7, and repeated.

DONCASTER. C. M. DR. MILLER.

NEW MELODY.

ERECT your heads, eternal gates,
Unfold, to entertain
The King of Glory; ſee! he comes,
With his celeſtial train.

Who is the King of Glory? who?
The Lord for ſtrength renown'd;
In battle mighty o'er his foes,
Eternal victor crown'd.

Erect

Erect your heads, ye gates, unfold
In ſtate to entertain
The King of Glory; ſee, he comes
With all his ſhining train.
Who is the King of Glory? who!
The Lord of Hoſts renown'd:
Of glory he alone is King,
Who is with glory crown'd.

EVENING.

Pſalm 117. And Glo. Pat.

BEDFORD. C. M. W. WHEALL, M. B.

WITH cheerful notes let all the earth
To heav'n their voices raiſe;
Let all, inſpir'd with godly mirth,
Sing ſolemn hymns of praiſe.

God's tender mercy knows no bound,
His truth ſhall ne'er decay:
Then let the willing nations round
Their grateful tribute pay.

GLO. PAT.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
The God whom we adore;
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And ſhall be evermore.

FIRST MORNING.

Psalm 104. Verses 4, beginning at Verse 1.

HANOVER. L. M. SAID TO BE HANDEL'S.

BLESS God, my ſoul, thou, Lord, alone
Poſſeſſeſt empire without bounds;
With honour thou art crown'd; thy throne
Eternal majeſty ſurrounds.

With light thou doſt thyſelf enrobe,
And glory for a garment take:
Heav'n's curtains ſtretch beyond the globe
Thy canopy of ſtate to make.

God builds on liquid air, and forms
His palace-chambers in the ſkies;
The clouds his chariots are, and ſtorms
The ſwift-wing'd ſteeds with which he flies.

As bright as flame, as ſwift as wind,
His miniſters heav'n's palace fill
To have their ſundry talks aſſign'd;
All proud to ſerve their Sov'reign's will.

SECOND MORNING.

Psalm 22. Verses 3, beginning at Verse 1.

MANCHESTER. C. M. DR. WAINWRIGHT.

O 'TWAS a joyful ſound to hear
Our tribes devoutly ſay,
Up, Iſr'el, to the temple haſte,
And keep your feſtal day!

At

At Salem's court we must appear
With our assembled pow'rs;
In strong and beauteous order rang'd
Like her united tow'rs.

'Tis thither by divine command,
The tribes of God repair,
Before his ark to celebrate,
His name with praise and pray'r.

EVENING.

Psalm 133.

LINCOLN. C. M.

HOW vast must their advantage be!
How great their pleasure prove!
Who live like brethren, and consent
In offices of love!

True love is like that precious oil
Which, pour'd on Aaron's head,
Ran down his beard, and o'er his robes
Its costly moisture shed.

'Tis like refreshing dew, that does
On Hermon's top distil;
Or like the early drops that fall
On Sion's fruitful hill.

For God to all, whose friendly hearts
With mutual love abound,
Has firmly promis'd length of days
With constant blessings crown'd.

FIRST MORNING.

Psalm 119. *Verses* 3, *beginning at Verse* 89.

MESSIAH. C. M. HANDEL.

FOR ever, and for ever, Lord,
Unchang'd thou doſt remain;
Thy word, eſtabliſh'd in the heav'ns,
Does all their orbs ſuſtain.

Through circling ages, Lord, thy truth
Immoveable ſhall ſtand;
As doth the earth, which thou uphold'ſt
By thy Almighty hand.

All things the courſe by thee ordain'd,
E'vn to this day fulfil:
They are thy faithful ſubjects all,
And ſervants of thy will.

SECOND MORNING.

Psalm 95. *Verses* 1, 2, 3, 6.

SURREY. L. M. CAREY.

O COME, loud anthems let us ſing,
Loud thanks to our Almighty King,
For we our voices high ſhould raiſe,
When our ſalvation's rock we praiſe.

Into his preſence let us haſte,
To thank him for his favours paſt:
To him addreſs in joyful ſongs,
The praiſe that to his name belongs.

For God the Lord, enthron'd in ſtate,
Is, with unrival'd glory, great;
A king ſuperior far to all,
Whom, by his title, God we call.

O let

O let us to his courts repair,
And bow with adoration there;
Down on our knees devoutly all,
Before the Lord our maker fall.

EVENING.

Psalm 150.

SUFFOLK. L. M. BRENTBANK.

O PRAISE the Lord in that bleſt place,
From whence his goodneſs largely flows;
Praiſe him in heav'n, where he his face
Unveil'd in perfect glory ſhows.

Praiſe him for all the mighty acts
Which he in our behalf hath done;
His kindneſs this return exacts,
With which our praiſe ſhould equal run.

Let the ſhrill trumpet's warlike voice
Make rocks and hills his praiſe rebound;
Praiſe him with harp's melodious noiſe,
And gentle pſalt'ry's ſilver ſound.

Let virgin-troops ſoft timbrels bring,
And ſome with graceful motion dance;
Let inſtruments of various ſtrings,
With organs join'd, his praiſe advance.

Let them who joyful hymns compoſe,
To cymbals ſet their ſongs of praiſe;
Cymbals of common uſe, and thoſe
That loudly ſound on ſolemn days.

Let all that vital breath enjoy,
The breath he does to them afford,
In juſt returns of praiſe employ;
Let ev'ry creature praiſe the Lord.

FIRST MORNING.

Psalm 84. *Verses* 1, 2, 4.

ST. ANN'S. C. M. DR. CROFT.

O GOD of hoſts, the mighty Lord,
How lovely is the place
Where thou enthron'd in glory, ſhew'ſt
The brightneſs of thy face.

My longing ſoul faints with deſire
To view thy bleſt abode;
My panting heart and fleſh cry out
For thee, the living God.

O Lord of hoſts, my King my God,
How highly bleſt are they
Who in thy temple always dwell,
And there thy praiſe diſplay!

SECOND MORNING.

Psalm 9. *Verses* 2, *and Glo. Pat. beginning at Verſe* 1.

WAKEFIELD. C. M. DR. HEIGHINGTON.

TO celebrate thy praiſe, O Lord,
I will my heart prepare;
To all the liſt'ning world thy works,
Thy wond'rous works declare.

The

The thought of them ſhall to my ſoul,
Exalted pleaſure bring;
Whilſt to thy name, O thou Moſt High!
Triumphant praiſe I ſing.

GLO. PAT.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And ſhall be ever more.

EVENING.

Pſalm 71. Verſes 3, beginning at Verſe 1.

LEEDS. C. M. DERBY.

IN thee I put my ſteadfaſt truſt,
Defend me, Lord, from ſhame:
Incline thine ear, and ſave my ſoul,
For righteous is thy name.

Be thou my ſtrong abiding place,
To which I may reſort;
'Tis thy decree that keeps me ſafe,
Thou art my rock and fort.

From cruel and ungodly men
Protect and ſet me free,
For from my earlieſt youth 'till now,
My hope has been in thee.

FIRST MORNING.

Psalm 5. *Verses* 1, 2, 7.

BRUNSWICK. C. M. HANDEL.

LORD, hear the voice of my complaint,
Accept my ſecret pray'r;
To thee alone, my King, my God,
Will I for help repair.

Thou in the morn my voice ſhalt hear;
And with the dawning day
To thee devoutly I'll look up,
To thee devoutly pray.

And when thy boundleſs grace ſhall me
To thy lov'd courts reſtore,
On thee I'll fix my longing eyes,
And humbly there adore.

SECOND MORNING.

Psalm 57. *Verses* 3, *beginning at Verse* 8.

HANOVER. L. M. SAID TO BE HANDEL'S.

AWAKE my glory, harp and lute;
No longer let your ſtrings be mute;
And I, my tuneful part to take,
Will with the early dawn awake.

Thy praiſes, Lord, I will reſound
To all the liſt'ning nations round:
Thy mercy higheſt heav'n tranſcends,
Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.

Be thou, O God, exalted high;
And as thy glory fills the ſky,
So let it be on earth diſplay'd,
Till thou art here, as there obey'd.

EVENING.

Pſalm 148. *Verſes* 3. *beginning at Verſe* 1.

PROPER TUNE. P. M. DR. MILLER.
NEW MELODY.

YE boundleſs realms of joy,
Exalt your maker's fame
His praiſe your ſong employ
Above the ſtarry frame:
Your voices raiſe,
Ye Cherubim
And Seraphim,
To ſing his praiſe. To ſing, &c.

Thou moon that rul'ſt the night;
And ſun that guid'ſt the day;
Ye glitt'ring ſtars of light,
To him your homage pay;
His praiſe declare,
Ye heav'ns above,
And clouds that move
In liquid air. In liquid, &c.

Let them adore the Lord,
And praiſe his holy name,
By whoſe almighty word
They all from nothing came;
And all ſhall laſt
From changes free:
His firm decree
Stands ever faſt. Stands ever, &c.

FIRST MORNING.

Psalm 1. *Verses* 3, *beginning at Verse* 1.

ST. JAMES'S. C. M. COURTIVILLE.

HOW bleſt is he who ne'er conſents,
By ill advice to walk;
Nor ſtands in ſinners' ways, nor ſits
Where men profanely talk;

But makes the perfect law of God
His buſineſs and delight;
Devoutly reads therein by day,
And meditates by night.

Like ſome fair tree, which fed by ſtreams,
With timely fruit does bend,
He ſtill ſhall flouriſh, and ſucceſs
All his deſigns attend.

SECOND MORNING.

Psalm 97. *Verses* 1, 2, 12.

SURREY. L. M. CAREY.

JEHOVAH reigns, let all the earth
In his juſt government rejoice;
Let all the iſles with ſacred mirth,
In his applauſe unite their voice.

Darkneſs and clouds of awful ſhade
His dazzling glory ſhroud in ſtate;
Juſtice and truth his guards are made,
And fixt, by his pavilion wait.

Rejoice, ye righteous in the Lord,
Memorials of his holineſs,
Deep in your faithful breaſts record,
And with your faithful tongues confeſs.

EVENING.

Pſalm 86. *Verſes* 2, *and Glo. Pat. beginning at Verſe* 11.

ALVERSTOKE. C. M. DIBDIN.

NEW MELODY.

TEACH me thy way, O Lord, and I
From truth ſhall ne'er depart;
In rev'rence to thy ſacred name,
Devoutly fix my heart.

Thee will I praiſe, O Lord, my God,
Praiſe thee with heart ſincere,
And to thy everlaſting name
Eternal trophies rear.

GLO. PAT.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
And ſhall be evermore.

Fourth

FIRST MORNING.

Psalm 18. *Verses* 1, 2, 3, 18.

OLD HUNDREDTH TUNE. L. M. MARTIN LUTHER.

NO change of times ſhall ever ſhock
My firm affection, Lord, to thee;
For thou haſt always been a rock,
A fortreſs and defence to me.

Thou my deliv'rer art, my God;
My truſt is in thy mighty power;
Thou art my ſhield from foes abroad;
At home, my ſafeguard and my tow'r.

To thee I'll ſtill addreſs my pray'r,
(To whom all praiſe we juſtly owe)
So ſhall I, by thy watchful care
Be guarded from my treach'rous foe.

His ſubtle rage had near prevail'd,
When I diſtreſs'd and friendleſs lay,
But ſtill when other ſuccours fail'd,
God was my firm ſupport and ſtay.

SECOND MORNING.

Psalm 33. *Verses* 3, *beginning at Verse* 1.

SHEFFIELD. C. M. WHITTON.

LET all the juſt to God with joy
Their cheerful voices raiſe;
For well the righteous it becomes
To ſing glad ſongs of praiſe.

Let

Let harps, and pſalteries, and lutes
In joyful concert meet,
And new-made ſongs of loud applauſe
The harmony complete!

For faithful is the word of God,
His works with truth abound;
He juſtice loves, and all the earth
Is with his goodneſs crown'd.

EVENING.

Pſalm 34. *Verſes* 3, *beginning at Verſe* 1.

BURFORD. C. M. SAID TO BE PURCELL'S.

THRO' all the changing ſcenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praiſes of my God ſhall ſtill
My heart and tongue employ.

Of his deliv'rance I will boaſt,
Till all that are diſtreſs'd
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to reſt.

O magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt his name:
When in diſtreſs to him I call'd,
He to my ſuccour came.

FIRST MORNING.

Psalm 112. *Verses* 1, 3, 4, 6.

LYNN. L. M. DR. BURNEY.

NEW MELODY.

THAT man is bleſt who ſtands in awe
Of God, and loves his ſacred law;
His ſeed on earth ſhall be renown'd,
And with ſucceſſive honours crown'd.

His houſe, the ſeat of wealth ſhall be
An inexhauſted treaſury;
His juſtice, free from all decay,
Shall bleſſings to his heirs convey.

The ſoul that's fill'd with virtue's light,
Shines brighteſt in Affliction's night,
To pity the diſtreſs'd inclin'd,
As well as juſt to all mankind.

Beſet with threat'ning dangers round,
Unmov'd ſhall he maintain his ground:
The ſweet remembrance of the juſt
Shall flouriſh when he ſleeps in duſt.

SECOND MORNING.

Psalm 92. *Verse* 2, *and Glo. Pat. beginning at Verse* 3.

ST. MAGNUS. C. M. JER. CLARK.

TO ten-ſtring'd inſtruments we'll ſing,
With tuneful pſalt'ries join'd;
And to the harp, with ſolemn ſounds,
For ſacred uſe deſign'd.

For thro' thy wond'rous works, O Lord,
Thou mak'ſt my heart rejoice;
The thoughts of them ſhall make me glad,
And ſhout with cheerful voice.

GLO.

GLO. PAT.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And ſhall be evermore.

EVENING.

Pſalm 106. *Verſes* 4, *beginning at Verſe* 1.

EMANUEL. L. M. EMANUEL BACH.
NEW MELODY.

O RENDER thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love;
Whoſe mercy firm thro' ages paſt
Has ſtood, and ſhall for ever laſt.

Who can his mighty deeds expreſs,
Not only vaſt but numberleſs?
What mortal eloquence can raiſe
His tribute of immortal praiſe?

Happy are they, and only they,
Who from thy judgments never ſtray,
Who know what's right; not only ſo,
But always practice what they know.

Extend to me that favour, Lord,
Thou to thy choſen doſt afford;
When thou return'ſt to ſet them free,
Let thy ſalvation viſit me.

FIRST MORNING.

Pſalm 139. *Verſes* 4, *beginning at Verſe* 1.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

THOU, Lord, by ſtricteſt ſearch haſt known
My riſing-up and lying-down;
My ſecret thoughts are known to thee,
Known long before conceiv'd by me.

Thine eye my bed and path ſurveys,
My public haunts, and private ways;
Thou know'ſt what 'tis my lips would vent,
My yet unutter'd words intent.

Surrounded by thy pow'r I ſtand,
On ev'ry ſide I find thy hand:
O ſkill, for human reach too high!
Too dazzling bright for mortal eye!

O could I ſo perfidious be,
To think of once deſerting thee!
Where, Lord, ſhould I thy influence ſhun,
Or whither from thy preſence run?

SECOND MORNING.

Pſalm 105. *Verſes* 4, *beginning at Verſe* 1.

MANCHESTER. C. M. DR. WAINWRIGHT.
NEW MELODY.

O RENDER thanks, and bleſs the Lord;
Invoke his ſacred name;
Acquaint the nations with his deeds;
His matchleſs deeds proclaim.

Sing

Sing to his praiſe in lofty hymns,
His wond'rous works rehearſe;
Make them the theme of your diſcourſe,
And ſubject of your verſe.

Rejoice in his almighty name,
Alone to be ador'd;
And let their hearts o'erflow with joy,
That humbly ſeek the Lord.

Seek ye the Lord, his ſaving ſtrength
Devoutly ſtill implore:
And, where he's ever preſent, ſeek
His face for ever more.

EVENING.

Pſalm 15. *Verſes* 1, 2, 3, 7.

BRODSWORTH. C. M. DR. ARNE.

LORD, who's the happy man that may
To thy bleſt courts repair;
Not ſtranger like, to viſit them,
But to inhabit there.

'Tis he whoſe ev'ry thought and deed,
By rules of virtue moves;
Whoſe gen'rous tongue diſdains to ſpeak
The thing his heart diſproves.

Who never did a ſlander forge
His neighbours fame to wound;
Nor hearken to a falſe report,
By malice whiſper'd round.

The man who by this ſteady courſe
Has happineſs inſur'd,
When earth's foundation ſhakes, ſhall ſtand,
By Providence ſecur'd.

FIRST MORNING.

Pſalm 125. *Verſes* 1, 2, 4.

YORK. C. M. JOHN MILTON.

WHO place in Sion's God their truſt,
Like Sion's rock ſhall ſtand;
Like her, immoveable be fix'd
By his almighty hand.

Look how the hills on ev'ry ſide
Jeruſalem incloſe;
So ſtands the Lord around his ſaints
To guard them from their foes.

Be good, O righteous God, to thoſe
Who righteous deeds effect,
The heart that innocence retains,
Let innocence protect.

SECOND MORNING.

Pſalm 100.

PROPER TUNE. L. M. MARTIN LUTHER.

WITH one conſent let all the earth
To God their cheerful voices raiſe;
Glad homage pay with awful mirth,
And ſing before him ſongs of praiſe.

Convinc'd that he is God alone,
From whom both we, and all proceed;
We, whom he chooſes for his own,
The flock that he vouchſafes to feed.

O enter

O enter then his temple gate,
Thence to his courts devoutly press,
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still his name with praises bless.

For he's the Lord, supremely good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth, which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

EVENING.

Psalm 149. Verses 2, and Glo. Pat. beginning at Verse 1.

PROPER TUNE. P. M. SAID TO BE HANDEL'S.

O PRAISE ye the Lord,
Prepare your glad voice,
His praise in the great
Assembly to sing;
In our great Creator
Let Isr'el rejoice;
And children of Sion
Be glad in their King.

Let them his great name
Extol in the dance;
With timbrel and harp
His praises express:
Who always takes pleasure
His saints to advance,
And with his salvation
The humble to bless.

GLO. PAT.

By Angels in heav'n
Of ev'ry degree,
And saints upon earth,
All praise be address'd
To God in three persons,
One God ever blest;
As it has been, now is,
And always shall be.

FIRST MORNING.

Psalm 103. *Verses* 3, *beginning at Verse* 19.

KENT. L. M. GEORGE GREEN.

THE Lord, the univerſal King,
In heav'n has fixt his lofty throne:
To him, ye angels, praiſes ſing,
In whoſe great ſtrength his pow'r is ſhown.

Ye that his juſt commands obey,
And hear and do his ſacred will;
Ye hoſts of his, this tribute pay,
Who ſtill what he ordains fulfil.

Let ev'ry creature jointly bleſs
The mighty Lord; and thou my heart
With grateful joy thy thanks expreſs,
And in this concert bear thy part.

SECOND MORNING.

Psalm 145. *Verses* 4, *beginning at Verse* 1.

LINCOLN. C. M.

THEE I'll extol, my God and King,
Thy endleſs praiſe proclaim:
This tribute daily I will bring,
And ever bleſs thy name.

Thou

Thou, Lord, beyond compare art great,
And highly to be prais'd;
Thy majesty with boundless height,
Above our knowledge rais'd.
Renown'd for mighty acts, thy fame
To future times extends;
From age to age thy glorious name
Successively descends.

Whilst I thy glory and renown,
And wond'rous works express;
The world with me thy might shall own,
And thy great pow'r confess.

EVENING.

Psalm 119. *Verses* 3, *beginning at Verse* 17.

ST. DAVID'S C. M. RAVENSCROFT.

BE gracious to thy servant, Lord,
Do though my life defend,
That I, according to thy word,
My time to come may spend.

Enlighten both my eyes and mind,
That so I may discern
The wond'rous things which they behold,
Who thy just precepts learn.

Tho', like a stranger in the land,
From place to place I stray,
Thy righteous judgments from my sight
Remove not thou away.

FIRST MORNING.

Psalm 90. *Verses* 2, *beginning at Verse* 1.

ST. MARY'S. C. M. RATHIEL.

O LORD, the Saviour and defence
Of us thy chosen race,
From age to age thou still hast been
Our sure abiding place.

Before thou brought'st the mountains forth,
Or th' earth and world didst frame,
Thou always wert the mighty God,
And ever art the same.

Thou turnest man, O Lord, to dust,
Of which he first was made;
And when thou spak'st the word, return—
'Tis instantly obey'd.

SECOND MORNING.

Psalm 96. *Verses* 1, 10, 13.

PROPER TUNE. L. M. DR. MILLER.

SING to the Lord a new-made song,
Let earth in one assembled throng
Her common patron's praise resound.
Sing to the Lord, and bless his name,
From day to day his praise proclaim,
Who us hath with salvation crown'd.

CHORUS.

To heathen lands his fame rehearse,
His wonders to the universe.

Proclaim

Proclaim aloud, Jehovah reigns,
Whose pow'r the universe sustains,
And banish'd justice will restore;
Let therefore heav'n new joys confess,
And heav'nly mirth, let earth express
Its loud applause the ocean roar;

CHORUS.

Its mute inhabitants rejoice,
And for this triumph find a voice.

For joy let fertile valleys sing,
The cheerful groves their tribute bring;
The tuneful choir of birds awake,
The Lord's approach to celebrate,
Who now sets out with awful state,
His circuit tho' the earth to take:

CHORUS.

From heav'n to judge the world he's come,
With justice to reward and doom.

EVENING.

Psalm 19. *Verses* 3, *beginning at Verse* 1.

BEDFORD. C. M. W. WHEALL, M. B.

THE heav'ns declare thy glory, Lord,
Which that alone can fill;
The firmament and stars express
Their great creator's skill;

The dawn of each returning day,
Fresh beams of knowledge brings:
From darkest night's successive rounds
Divine instruction springs.

Their pow'rful language to no realm
Or region is confin'd;
'Tis Nature's voice, and understood
Alike by all mankind.

FIRST MORNING.

Psalm 146. *Verses* 6, 7, 8, 10.

MESSIAH. C. M. HANDEL.

THE Lord who made both heav'n and earth,
And all that they contain,
Will never quit his ſteadfaſt truth,
Nor make his promiſe vain.

The poor oppreſs'd, from all their wrongs,
Are eas'd by his decree:
He gives the hungry needful food,
And ſets the priſ'ners free.

By him the blind receive their ſight,
The weak and fall'n he rears;
With kind regard and tender love
He for the righteous cares.

The God that does in Sion dwell,
Is our eternal king;
From age to age his reign endures;
Let all his praiſes ſing.

SECOND MORNING.

Psalm 95. *Verses* 1, 2, 3, 6.

SURREY. L. M. CAREY.

O COME, loud anthems let us ſing,
Loud thanks to our Almighty King,
For we our voices high ſhould raiſe,
When our ſalvation's rock we praiſe.

Into

Into his preſence let us haſte,
To thank him for his favours paſt:
To him addreſs in joyful ſongs,
The praiſe that to his name belongs.

For God the Lord, enthron'd in ſtate,
Is, with unrival'd glory, great;
A king ſuperior far to all,
Whom, by his title, God we call.

O let us to his courts repair,
And bow with adoration there;
Down on our knees devoutly all,
Before the Lord our maker fall.

EVENING.

Pſalm 117. And Glo. Pat.

ST. MAGNUS. C. M. JER. CLARK.

WITH cheerful notes let all the earth,
To heav'n their voices raiſe;
Let all inſpir'd with godly mirth,
Sing ſolemn hymns of praiſe.

God's tender mercy knows no bound,
His truth ſhall ne'er decay;
Then let the willing nations round,
Their grateful tribute pay.

GLO. PAT.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And ſhall be evermore.

FIRST MORNING.

Psalm 18. *Verses* 1, 2, 3, 18.

EMANUEL. L. M. EMANUEL BACH.

NEW MELODY.

NO change of times ſhall ever ſhock
My firm affection, Lord, to thee;
For thou haſt always been a rock;
A fortreſs and defence to me.

Thou my deliv'rer art, my God;
My truſt is in thy mighty power;
Thou art my ſhield from foes abroad;
At home, my ſafeguard and my tow'r.

To thee I'll ſtill addreſs my pray'r,
(To whom all praiſe we juſtly owe)
So ſhall I, by thy watchful care
Be guarded from my treach'rous foe.

His ſubtle rage had near prevail'd,
When I diſtreſs'd and friendleſs lay,
But ſtill when other ſuccours fail'd,
God was my firm ſupport and ſtay.

SECOND MORNING.

Psalm 8. *Verses* 1, 3, 4, 5, 9.

HATFIELD. C. M. DR. MILLER.

NEW MELODY.

O THOU, to whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,
Thro' all the world how great art thou!
How glorious is thy name! How glorious, &c.

When

When heav'n, thy beaut'ous work on high,
Employs my wond'ring sight;
The moon, that nightly rules the sky,
With stars of feebler light. With stars, &c.

What's man (say I) that, Lord, thou lov'st
To keep him in thy mind?
Or what his offspring, that thou prov'st
To him so wond'rous kind? To him, &c.

Him next in pow'r thou didst create
To thy celestial train;
Ordain'd with dignity and state,
O'er all thy works to reign. O'er all, &c.

O thou to whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,
Thro' all the world how great art thou!
How glorious is thy name. How glorious, &c.

EVENING.

Psalm cxx. *Verses* 4, *beginning at Verse* 2.

SUFFOLK. L. M. BRENTBANK

PRAISE ye the Lord; our God to praise
My soul her utmost pow'r shall raise,
With private friends, and in the throng
Of saints his praise shall be my song.

His works, for greatness tho' renown'd,
His wond'rous works with ease are found
By those who seek for them aright,
And in the pious search delight.

His works are all of matchless fame,
And universal glory claim;
His truth confirm'd thro' ages past
Shall to eternal ages last.

By precepts he hath us enjoyn'd
To keep his wond'rous works in mind,
And to posterity record,
That good and gracious is our Lord.

FIRST MORNING.

Pſalm 119. *Verſes* 3, *beginning at Verſe* 169.

ST. MARY'S. C. M. RATHIEL.

TO my requeſt and earneſt cry
Attend, O gracious Lord;
Inſpire my heart with heav'nly ſkill
According to thy word.

Let my repeated pray'r at laſt
Before thy throne appear;
According to thy plighted word,
For my relief draw near.

Then ſhall my grateful lips return
The tribute of their praiſe,
When thou thy counſels haſt reveal'd,
And taught me thy juſt ways.

SECOND MORNING.

Pſalm 149. *Verſes* 2, *and Glo. Pat. beginning at Vere* 1.

PROPER TUNE. P. M. SAID TO BE HANDEL'S.

O PRAISE ye the Lord,
Prepare your glad voice,
His praiſe in the great
Aſſembly to ſing;
In our great Creator
Let Iſr'el rejoice;
And children of Sion
Be glad in their King.

Let

Let them his great name
Extol in the dance;
With timbrel and harp
His praiſes expreſs:
Who always takes pleaſure
His ſaints to advance,
And with his ſalvation
The humble to bleſs.

GLO. PAT.

By Angels in heav'n
Of ev'ry degree,
And ſaints upon earth,
All praiſe be addreſs'd.
To God in three perſons,
One God ever bleſt;
As it has be'n, now is,
And always ſhall be.

EVENING.

Pſalm 115. *Verſes* 1, 11, 14.

BRODSWORTH. C. M. DR. ARNE.

LORD, not to us, we claim no ſhare,
But to thy ſacred name
Give glory for thy mercies ſake,
And truth's eternal fame.

Let all who truly fear the Lord,
On him they fear, rely;
Who them in danger can defend,
And all their wants ſupply.

On you, and on your heir's he will
Increaſe of bleſſings bring;
Thrice happy you, who fav'rites are
Of this Almighty King.

FIRST MORNING.

Psalm 130. *Verses* 3, *beginning at Verse* 1.

ALL SAINTS. 8. M. DR. HOWARD.

FROM loweſt depths of woe,
To God I ſend my cry;
Lord hear my ſupplicating voice,
And graciouſly reply.

Should'ſt thou ſeverely judge,
Who can the trial bear?
But thou forgiv'ſt, leſt we deſpond,
And quite renounce thy fear.

My ſoul with patience waits
For thee, the living Lord:
My hopes are on thy promiſe built,
Thy never-failing word.

SECOND MORNING.

Psalm 100.

PROPER TUNE. L. M. MARTIN LUTHER.

WITH one conſent let all the earth
To God their cheerful voices raiſe;
Glad homage pay with awful mirth,
And ſing before him ſongs of praiſe.

Convinc'd

Convinc'd that he is God alone,
From whom both we, and all proceed:
We, whom he chooſes for his own,
The flock that he vouchſafes to feed.

O enter then his temple gate,
Thence to his courts devoutly preſs,
And ſtill your grateful hymns repeat,
And ſtill his name with praiſes bleſs.

For he's the Lord, ſupremely good,
His mercy is for ever ſure;
His truth, which always firmly ſtood,
To endleſs ages ſhall endure.

EVENING.

Pſalm 34. *Verſes* 3, *beginning at Verſe* 7.

BEDFORD. C. M. W. WHEALL, M. B.

THE hoſts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the juſt;
Deliv'rance he affords to all,
Who on his ſuccour truſt.

O make but trial of his love,
Experience will decide,
How bleſt are they, and only they
Who in his truth confide.

Fear him ye ſaints, and you will then
Have nothing elſe to fear;
Make you his ſervice your delight,
He'll make your wants his care.

FIRST MORNING.

Psalm 65. Verses 3, beginning at Verse 11.

KENT. L. M. GEORGE GREEN.

THY goodneſs does the circling year
With freſh returns of plenty crown;
And where thy glorious paths appear,
The fruitful clouds drop fatneſs down.

They drop on barren foreſts, chang'd
By them to paſtures freſh and green;
The hills about in order rang'd,
In beauteous robes of joy are ſeen.

Large flocks with fleecy wool adorn
The cheerful downs; the vallies bring
A plenteous crop of full-ear'd corn,
And ſeems for joy to ſhout and ſing.

SECOND MORNING.

Psalm 96. Verses 1, 10, 12.

PROPER TUNE. P. M. DR. MILLER.
NEW MELODY.

SING to the Lord a new-made ſong,
Let earth in one aſſembled throng,
Her common patron's praiſe reſound.
Sing to the Lord, and bleſs his name,
From day to day his praiſe proclaim,
Who us hath with ſalvation crown'd.

CHORUS.

To heathen lands his fame rehearſe,
His wonders to the univerſe.

Proclaim

Proclaim aloud, Jehovah reigns,
Whose pow'r the universe sustains,
And banish'd justice will restore;
Let therefore heav'n new joys confess,
And heav'nly mirth, let earth express
Its loud applause the ocean roar;

CHORUS.

Its mute inhabitants rejoice,
And for this triumph find a voice.

For joy let fertile valleys sing,
The cheerful groves their tribute bring;
The tuneful choir of birds awake,
The Lord's approach to celebrate,
Who now sets out with awful state,
His circuit thro' the earth to take:

CHORUS.

From heav'n to judge the world he's come,
With justice to reward and doom.

EVENING.

Psalm 51. *Verses* 3, *beginning at Verse* 11.

GALLWAY. 8. M. DR. MILLER.

NEW MELODY.

WITHDRAW not thou thy help,
Nor cast me from thy sight.
Nor let thy holy spirit take
Its everlasting flight.

The joy thy favour gives,
Let me again obtain:
And let thy spirits' firm support,
My fainting soul sustain.

So I, thy righteous ways,
To sinners will impart,
Whilst my advice shall wicked men
To thy just laws convert.

FIRST MORNING.

Psalm 145. *Verses* 8, 9, 11.

BISHOP THORPE. C. M. JER. CLARK.

THE Lord is good, freſh acts of grace,
His pity ſtill ſupplies!
His anger moves with ſloweſt pace,
His willing mercy flies.

Thy love tho' earth extends its flame,
To all thy works expreſt:
Theſe ſhew thy praiſe, whilſt thy great name,
Is by thy ſervants bleſt.

They, with the glorious proſpect fir'd,
Shall of thy kingdom ſpeak;
And thy great pow'r by all admir'd,
Their lofty ſubject make.

SECOND MORNING.

Psalm 98. *Verses* 4, *beginning at Verse* 1.

SHEFFIELD. C. M. WHITTON.

SING to the Lord a new-made ſong,
Who wond'rous things has done;
With his right-hand and holy arm
The conqueſt he has won.

The Lord has through th' aſtoniſh'd world
Diſplay'd his ſaving might,
And made his righteous acts appear
In all the Heathens' ſight.

Of Iſr'el's houſe, his love and truth
Have ever mindful been:
Wide earth's remoteſt parts the power
Of Iſr'el's God have ſeen.

Let therefore earth's inhabitants
Their cheerful voices raiſe,
And all with univerſal joy
Reſound their maker's praiſe.

EVENING.

Pſalm 42. *Verſes* 1, 2, 5.

BURFORD. C. M. SAID TO BE PURCELL'S.

AS pants the hart for cooling ſtreams,
When heated in the chace;
So longs my ſoul, O God for thee,
And thy refreſhing grace.

For thee my God, the living God,
My thirſty ſoul doth pine,
O! when ſhall I behold thy face,
Thou majeſty divine!

Why reſtleſs, why caſt down, my ſoul,
Truſt God, and he'll employ
His aid for thee, and change theſe ſighs
To thankful hymns of joy.

FIRST MORNING.

Psalm 19. *Verses* 3, *beginning at Verse* 1.

ST. JAMES'S. C. M. COURTVILLE.

THE heav'ns declare thy glory, Lord,
Which that alone can fill;
The firmament and ſtars expreſs
Their great creator's ſkill.

The dawn of each returning day,
Freſh beams of knowledge brings:
From darkeſt night's ſucceſſive rounds
Divine inſtruction ſprings.

Their pow'rful language to no realm
Or region is confin'd;
'Tis Nature's voice, and underſtood
Alike by all mankind.

SECOND MORNING.

Psalm 106. *Verses* 4, *beginning at Verse* 1.

EMANUEL. L. M. EMANUEL BACH.
NEW MELODY.

O RENDER thanks to God above;
The fountain of eternal love;
Whoſe mercy firm through ages paſt
Has ſtood, and ſhall for ever laſt.

Who

Who can his mighty deeds expreſs,
Not only vaſt, but numberleſs?
What mortal eloquence can raiſe
His tribute of immortal praiſe?

Happy are they, and only they,
Who from thy judgments never ſtray;
Who know what's right; not only ſo,
But always practice what they know.

Extend to me that favour, Lord,
Thou to thy choſen doſt afford;
When thou return'ſt to ſet them free,
Let thy ſalvation viſit me.

EVENING.

Pſalm 72. Verſes 2, and Glo. Pat. beginning at Verſe 18.

ALVERSTOKE. C. M. DIBDIN.

NEW MELODY.

THEN bleſs'd be God, the mighty Lord,
The God whom Iſr'el fears:
Who only wond'rous in his works,
Bejond compare appears.

Let earth be with his glory fill'd,
For ever bleſs his name;
Whilſt to his praiſe the liſt'ning world
Their glad aſſent proclaim.

GLO. PAT.

To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit glory be,
As 'twas, and is, and ſhall be ſo
To all eternity.

Seventeenth

FIRST MORNING.

Psalm 22. *Verse* 23, 24, 25, 27.

YORK. C. M. JOHN MILTON.

YE worshippers of Jacob's God,
All you of Isr'el's line,
O praise the Lord, and to your praise
Sincere obedience join.

He ne'er disdain'd on low distress,
To cast a gracious eye,
Nor turn'd from poverty his face,
But hears its humble cry.

Thus in thy sacred courts will I
My cheerful thanks express,
In presence of thy saints perform
The vows my distress.

Then shall the glad converted world
To God their homage pay;
And scatter'd nations of the earth
One sov'reign Lord obey.

SECOND MORNING.

Psalm 33. *Verses* 3, *beginning at Verse* 12.

BRODSWORTH. C. M. DR. ARNE.

'TIS God, who those that trust in him,
Beholds with gracious eyes;
He frees their soul from death; their want
In time of dearth supplies.

Our ſoul on God with patience waits,
  Our help and ſhield is he:
Then, Lord, let ſtill our hearts rejoice,
  Becauſe we truſt in thee.

The riches of thy mercy, Lord,
  Do thou to us extend;
Since we, for all we want or wiſh,
  On thee alone depend.

EVENING.

Pſalm 9. *Verſes* 3, *beginning at Verſe* 9.

LINCOLN. C. M.

GOD is a conſtant ſure defence
  Againſt oppreſſing rage;
As troubles riſe, his needful aids
  In our behalf engage.

All thoſe who have his goodneſs prov'd,
  Will in his truth confide;
Whoſe mercy ne'er forſook the man
  That on his help rely'd.

Sing praiſes therefore to the Lord,
  From Sion, his abode;
Proclaim his deeds, till all the world
  Confeſs no other God.

FIRST MORNING.

Psalm 118. *Verses* 1, 3, 8.

ST. ANN'S. C. M. DR. CROFT.

O PRAISE the Lord, for he is good,
His mercies ne'er decay:
That his kind favours ever laſt,
Let thankful Iſr'el ſay.

Their ſenſe of his eternal love,
Let Aaron's houſe expreſs;
And that it never fails, let all
That fear the Lord, confeſs.

For better 'tis to truſt in God,
And have the Lord our friend,
Than on the greateſt human pow'r,
For ſafety to depend.

SECOND MORNING.

Psalm 113. *Verses* 2, *and Glo. Pat. beginning at Verse* 1.

PROPER TUNE. P. M. DR. MILLER.

NEW MELODY.

YE ſaints and ſervants of the Lord,
The triumphs of his name record,
His ſacred name for ever bleſs.
Where'er the circling ſun diſplays,
His riſing beams, or ſetting rays,
Due praiſe to his great name addreſs.

God

God thro' the world extends his ſway;
The regions of eternal day,
But ſhadows of his glory are,
To him whoſe majeſty excels,
Who made the heav'n in which he dwells,
Let no created power compare.

GLO. PAT.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
The God whom heav'n's triumphant hoſt
And ſuff'ring ſaints on earth adore,
Be glory as in ages paſt,
As now it is, and ſo ſhall laſt
When time itſelf ſhall be no more.

EVENING.

Pſalm 62. Verſes 6, 7, 8, 11.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

O THOU my ſoul on God rely,
On him alone thy truſt repoſe;
My rock and help will ſtill ſupply,
To bear the ſhock of all my foes.

God does his ſaving health diſpenſe,
And flowing bleſſings daily ſend;
He is my fortreſs and defence;
On him my ſoul ſhall ſtill depend.

In him, ye people, always truſt,
Before his throne pour out your hearts;
For God the merciful and juſt,
His timely aid to us imparts.

The Lord has oft his will expreſs'd
And I this truth have fully known,
To be of boundleſs pow'r poſſeſs'd
Belongs of right to God alone.

FIRST MORNING.

Pſalm 8. *Verſes* 1, 3, 4, 5, 9.

HATFIELD. C. M. DR. MILLER.

NEW MELODY.

O THOU, to whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,
Thro' all the world how great art thou!
How glorious is thy name! How glorious, &c.

When heav'n, thy beaut'ous work on high,
Employs my wond'ring ſight;
The moon, that nightly rules the ſky,
With ſtars of feebler light. With ſtars, &c.

What's man (ſay I) that, Lord, thou lov'ſt
To keep him in thy mind!
Or what his offſpring, that thou prov'ſt
To him ſo wond'rous kind? To him, &c.

Him next in pow'r thou did'ſt create
To thy celeſtial train;
Ordain'd with dignity and ſtate,
O'er all thy works to reign. O'er all, &c.

O thou to whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,
Thro' all the world how great art thou!
How glorious is thy name. How glorious, &c.

SECOND MORNING.

Pſalm 102. *Verſes* 4, *beginning at Verſe* 25.

LEEDS. C. M. DERBY.

THE ſtrong foundations of the earth
Of old by thee were laid;
Thy hands the beauteous arch of heav'n
With wond'rous ſkill have made.

Whilſt

Whilſt thou for ever ſhalt endure,
They ſoon ſhall paſs away;
And, like a garment often worn,
Shall tarniſh and decay.

Like that, when thou ordain'ſt their change,
To thy command they bend;
But thou continu'ſt ſtill the ſame,
Nor have thy years an end.

Thou to the children of thy ſaints
Shall laſting quiet give,
Whoſe happy race, ſecurely fixt,
Shall in thy preſence live.

EVENING.

Pſalm 16. Verſes 8, 9, 10, 11.

WINDSOR. C. M. PARENSCRAFT.

I STRIVE each action to approve,
To his all-ſeeing eye;
No danger ſhall my hopes remove,
Becauſe he ſtill is nigh.

Therefore my heart all grief defies,
My glory does rejoice;
My fleſh ſhall reſt in hope to riſe,
Wak'd by his pow'rful voice.

Thou, Lord, when I reſign my breath,
My ſoul from hell ſhalt free:
Nor let thy holy one in death
The leaſt corruption ſee.

Thou ſhalt the paths of life diſplay
Which to thy preſence lead;
Where pleaſures dwell without allay,
And joys that never fade.

FIRST MORNING.

Psalm 112. *Verses* 1, 3, 4, 6.

LYNN. L. M. DR. BURNEY.
NEW MELODY.

THAT man is bleſt who ſtands in awe
Of God, and loves his ſacred law;
His ſeed on earth ſhall be renown'd,
And with ſucceſſive honours crown'd.

His houſe the ſeat of wealth ſhall be
An inexhauſted treaſury;
His juſtice free from all decay,
Shall bleſſings to his heirs convey.

The ſoul that's fill'd with virtue's light,
Shines brighteſt in Affliction's night:
To pity the diſtreſs'd inclin'd,
As well as juſt to all mankind.

Beſet with threat'ning dangers round,
Unmov'd ſhall he maintain his ground;
The ſweet remembrance of the juſt,
Shall flouriſh when he ſleeps in duſt.

SECOND MORNING.

Psalm 145. *Verses* 4, *beginning at Verse* 1.

LINCOLN. C. M.

THEE I'll extol, my God and King,
Thy endleſs praiſe proclaim:
This tribute daily will I bring,
And ever bleſs thy name.

Thou, Lord, beyond compare art great,
And highly to be prais'd;
Thy majeſty with boundleſs height,
Above our knowledge rais'd.

Renown'd

Renown'd for mighty acts, thy fame
To future times extends;
From age to age thy gloriorious name
Succeſſively deſcends.

Whilſt I thy glory and renown,
And wond'rous works expreſs;
The world with me thy might ſhall own,
And thy great pow'r confeſs.

EVENING.

Pſalm 136. *Verſes* 1, 2, 25.

148TH PROPER TUNE. P. M. DR. MILLER.

NEW MELODY.

TO God the mighty Lord,
Your joyful thanks repeat;
To him due praiſe afford
As good as he is great:
For God does prove
Our conſtant friend;
His boundleſs love
Shall never end. Shall, &c.

To him whoſe wond'rous pow'r
All other gods obey,
Whom earthly kings adore,
His grateful homage pay.
For God does prove
Our conſtant friend;
His boundleſs love
Shall never end. Shall, &c.

He does the food ſupply
On which all creatures live;
To God who reigns on high,
Eternal praiſes give.
For God will prove
Our conſtant friend;
His boundleſs love
Shall never end. Shall, &c.

Twenty-

FIRST MORNING.

Psalm 116. *Verses* 4, *beginning at Verse* 5.

BISHOP THORNE. C. M. JER. CLARK.

HOW juſt and merciful is God,
How gracious is the Lord!
Who ſaves the harmleſs, and to me
Does timely aid afford.

Then free from penſive cares my ſoul,
Reſume thy wonted reſt;
For God has wond'rouſly to thee
His bounteous love expreſt.

When death alarm'd me, he removed
My dangers and my fears;
My feet from falling he ſecur'd,
And dry'd my eyes from tears.

Therefore my life's remaining years,
Which God to me ſhall lend,
Will I in praiſes to his name,
And in his ſervice ſpend.

SECOND MORNING.

Psalm 66. *Verses* 3, *beginning at Verse* 1.

ST. MAGNUS. C. M. JEREMIAH CLARK.

LET all the land with ſhouts of joy,
To God their voices raiſe;
Sing pſalms in honour of his name,
And ſpread his glorious praiſe.

And

And let them say, how dreadful, Lord,
In all thy works art thou!
To thy great pow'r thy ſtubborn foes
Shall all be forc'd to bow.
Thro' all the earth the nations round,
Shall thee their God confeſs.
And with glad hymns their awful dread
Of thy great name expreſs.

EVENING.

Pſalm 57. Verſes 3, beginning at Verſe 8.

HANOVER. L. M. SAID TO BE HANDEL'S.

AWAKE my glory, harp and lute;
No longer let your ſtrings be mute;
And I, my tuneful part to take,
Will with the early dawn awake.

Thy praiſes, Lord, I will reſound
To all the liſt'ning nations round:
Thy mercy higheſt heav'n tranſcends,
Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.

Be thou, O God, exalted high;
And as thy glory fills the ſky,
So let it be on earth diſplay'd,
Till thou art here, as there obey'd.

Twenty-

FIRST MORNING.

Psalm 119. *Verses* 3, *beginning at Verse* 5.

MESSIAH. C. M. HANDEL.

O THAT thy ever holy will
Might o'er my ways preſide,
And I, the courſe of all my life
By thy direction guide.

Then with aſſurance ſhould I walk,
From all confuſion free;
Convinc'd with joy, that all my ways
With thy commands agree.

My upright heart ſhall my glad mouth
With cheerful praiſes fill;
When by thy righteous judgment taught
I ſhall have learnt thy will.

SECOND MORNING.

Psalm 135. *Verses* 3, *and Glo. Pat. beginning at Verse* 1.

BEDFORD. C. M. W. WHEALL, M. B.

O PRAISE the Lord, with one conſent,
And magnify his name;
Let all the ſervants of the Lord
His worthy praiſe proclaim.

Praiſe

Praiſe him all ye that in his houſe,
Attend with conſtant care;
With thoſe that to his utmoſt courts,
With humble zeal repair.

For this our trueſt int'reſt is,
Glad hymns of praiſe to ſing;
And with loud ſongs to bleſs his name,
A moſt delightful thing.

GLO. PAT.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And ſhall be ever more.

EVENING.

Pſalm 67. Verſes 4, beginning at Verſe 1.

GALLWAY. S. M. DR. MILLER.

TO bleſs thy choſen race,
In mercy, Lord, incline,
And cauſe the brightneſs of thy face
On all thy ſaints to ſhine.

That ſo thy wond'rous way
May thro' the world be known:
Whilſt diſtant lands their tribute pay,
And thy ſalvation own.

Let diff'ring nations join
To celebrate thy fame;
Let all the world, O Lord, combine
To praiſe thy glorious name.

O let them ſhout and ſing,
Diſſolv'd in pious mirth,
For thou the righteous judge and king,
Shalt govern all the earth.

Twenty-

FIRST MORNING.

Psalm 86. *Verses* 3, *beginning at Verse* 1.

WINDSOR. C. M. RAVENSCROFT.

TO my complaint, O Lord, my God,
Thy gracious ear incline;
Hear me, diſtreſt and deſtitute
Of all relief but thine.

Do thou, O God, preſerve my ſoul,
That does thy name adore;
Thy ſervant keep, and him whoſe truſt
Relies on thee, reſtore.

To me, who daily thee invoke,
Thy mercy, Lord, extend;
Refreſh thy ſervant's ſoul, whoſe hope
On thee alone depend.

SECOND MORNING.

Psalm 139. *Verses* 4, *beginning at Verse* 1.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

THOU, Lord, by ſtricteſt ſearch haſt known
My riſing-up and lying-down;
My ſecret thoughts are known to thee;
Known long before conceiv'd by me.

Thine eye my bed and path ſurveys,
My public haunts, and private ways;
Thou know'ſt what in my lips would reſt,
My yet unutter'd words intent.

Surrounded

Surrounded by thy pow'r I ſtand,
On ev'ry ſide I find thy hand:
O ſkill, for human reach too high!
Too dazzling bright, for mortal eye!

O could I ſo perfidious be,
To think of once deſerting thee!
Where, Lord, could I thy influence ſhun,
Or whither from thy preſence run?

EVENING.

Pſalm 119. *Verſes* 4, *beginning at Verſe* 132.

ST. MARY'S. C. M. RATHIEL.

WITH favour, Lord, look down on me
Who thy relief implore;
As thou art wont to viſit thoſe,
Who thy bleſt name adore.

Directed by thy heav'nly word,
Let all my foot-ſteps be;
Nor wickedneſs of any kind
Dominion have o'er me.

Releaſe, entirely ſet me free,
From perſecuting hands,
That unmoleſted I may learn
And practice thy commands.

On me, devoted to thy fear,
Lord, make thy face to ſhine;
Thy ſtatutes both to know and keep,
My heart with zeal incline.

FIRST MORNING.

Psalm 89. *Verses* 1, 2, 5.

MECKLENBURG. L. M. EMANUEL BACH.

THY mercies, Lord, ſhall be my ſong,
My ſong on them ſhall ever dwell. My ſong, &c.
To ages yet unborn my tongue
Thy never failing truth ſhall tell.

I have affirm'd, and ſtill maintain,
Thy mercy ſhall for ever laſt. Thy mercy, &c.
Thy truth that does the heav'ns ſuſtain,
Like them ſhall ſtand for ever faſt.

For ſuch ſtupendous truth and love
Both heav'n and earth juſt praiſes owe. Both, &c.
By choirs of angels ſung above,
And by aſſembled ſaints below.

SECOND MORNING.

Psalm 89. *Verses* 3, *beginning at Verse* 13.

ST. MARGARET'S. L. M. DR. BURNEY.

NEW MELODY.

THY arm is mighty, ſtrong thy hand,
Yet, Lord, thou doſt with juſtice reign;
Poſſeſt with abſolute command,
Thou truth and mercy doſt maintain.

Happy,

Happy, thrice happy they, who hear
Thy ſacred trumpet's joyful ſound;
Who may at feſtivals appear,
With thy moſt glorious preſence crown'd.

Thy ſaints ſhall always be o'erjoy'd,
Who on thy ſacred name rely;
And, in thy righteouſneſs employ'd,
Above their foes be rais'd on high.

EVENING.

Pſalm 125. *Verſes* 1, 2, 4.

YORK. C. M. JOHN MILTON.

WHO place in Sion's God their truſt,
Like Sion's rock ſhall ſtand;
Like her, immoveable be fix'd
By his almighty hand.

Look how the hills on ev'ry ſide
Jeruſalem incloſe;
So ſtands the Lord around his ſaints
To guard them from their foes.

Be good, O righteous God, to thoſe
Who righteous deeds effect,
The heart that innocence retains,
Let innocence protect.

FIRST MORNING.

Psalm 119. *Verses* 3, *beginning at Verse* 17.

ST. DAVID'S. C. M. RAVENSCROFT.

BE gracious to thy ſervant, Lord,
Do thou my life defend,
That I, according to thy word,
My time to come may ſpend.

Enlighten both my eyes and mind,
That ſo I may diſcern
The wond'rous things which they behold,
Who thy juſt precepts learn.

Tho', like a ſtranger in the land,
From place to place I ſtray,
Thy righteous judgments from my ſight
Remove not thou away.

SECOND MORNING.

Pſalm 100.

PROPER TUNE. L. M. MARTIN LUTHER.

WITH one conſent let all the earth
To God their cheerful voices raiſe;
Glad homage pay with awful mirth,
And ſing before him ſongs of praiſe.

Convinc'd that he is God alone,
From whom both we, and all proceed:
We, whom he chooſes for his own,
The flock that he vouchſafes to feed.

O enter

O enter then his temple gate,
Thence to his courts devoutly preſs,
And ſtill your grateful hymns repeat,
And ſtill his name with praiſes bleſs.

For he's the Lord, ſupremely good,
His mercy is for ever ſure;
His truth, which always firmly ſtood,
To endleſs ages ſhall endure.

EVENING.

Pſalm 106. *Verſes* 4, *beginning at Verſe* 1.

EMANUEL. L. M. EMANUEL BACH.

NEW MELODY.

O RENDER thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love;
Whoſe mercy firm thro' ages paſt
Has ſtood, and ſhall for ever laſt.

Who can his mighty deeds expreſs,
Not only vaſt but numberleſs?
What mortal eloquence can raiſe
His tribute of immortal praiſe?

Happy are they, and only they,
Who from thy judgments never ſtray,
Who know what's right; not only ſo,
But always practice what they know.

Extend to me that favour, Lord,
Thou to thy choſen doſt afford;
When thou return'ſt to ſet them free,
Let thy ſalvation viſit me.

FIRST MORNING.

Psalm 23. *Verses* 1, 3, 4, 6.

BRODSWORTH. C. M. DR. ARNE.

THE Lord himſelf, the mighty Lord,
Vouchſafes to be my guide;
The ſhepherd by whoſe conſtant care
My wants are all ſupply'd.

He does my wand'ring ſoul reclaim,
And to his endleſs praiſe,
Inſtruct my humble zeal to walk
In his moſt righteous ways.

I paſs the gloomy vale of death
From fear and danger free:
For there his aiding rod and ſtaff
Defend and comfort me.

Since God does thus his wond'rous love
Through all my life extend,
That life to him I will devote,
And in his temple ſpend.

SECOND MORNING.

Psalm 108. *Verses* 4, *beginning at Verse* 1.

WAKEFIELD C. M. DR. HEIGHINGTON.

O GOD, my heart is fully bent,
To magnify thy name;
My tongue with cheerful ſongs of praiſe
Shall celebrate thy fame.

Awake my lute, nor thou my harp
Thy warbling notes delay,
Whilſt I with early hymns of joy
Prevent the dawning day.

To

To all the liſt'ning tribes, O Lord,
Thy wonders I will tell;
And to thoſe nations ſing thy praiſe
That round about us dwell.

Becauſe thy mercy's boundleſs height
The higheſt heav'n tranſcends;
And far beyond th' aſpiring clouds
Thy faithful truth extends.

EVENING.

Pſalm 8. *Verſes* 1, 3, 4, 5, 9.

HATFIELD. C. M. Dr. MILLER.

NEW MELODY.

O THOU to whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,
Thro' all the world how great art thou!
How glorious is thy name! How glorious, &c.

When heav'n, thy beaut'ous work on high,
Employs my wond'ring ſight;
The moon, that nightly rules the ſky,
With ſtars of feebler light. With ſtars, &c.

What's man (ſay I) that, Lord, thou lov'ſt
To keep him in thy mind?
Or what his offſpring, that thou prov'ſt
To him ſo wond'rous kind? To him, &c.

Him next in pow'r thou didſt create
To thy celeſtial train;
Ordain'd with dignity and ſtate,
O'er all thy works to reign. O'er all, &c.

O thou to whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,
Thro' all the world how great art thou!
How glorious is thy name. How glorious, &c.

Second

FIRST MORNING.

Psalm 33. *Verses* 3, *beginning at Verse* 8.

ST. JAMES'S. C. M. COURTVILLE.

LET earth and all that dwell therein
Before him trembling ſtand;
For when he ſpake the word, 'twas made;
'Twas fixt at his command.

He, when the Heathen's cloſely plot,
Their counſels undermines;
His wiſdom ineffectual makes
The peoples' raſh deſigns.

Whate'er the mighty Lord decrees,
Shall ſtand for ever ſure:
The ſettled purpoſe of his heart
To ages ſhall endure.

SECOND MORNING.

Psalm 148. *Verses* 3, *beginning at Verse* 1.

PROPER TUNE. P. M. DR. MILLER.
NEW MELODY.

YE boundleſs realms of joy,
Exalt your maker's fame
His praiſe your ſong employ
Above the ſtarry frame:
Your voices raiſe,
Ye Cherubim
And Seraphim,
To ſing his praiſe. To ſing, &c.

Thou moon that rul'ſt the night;
And ſun that guid'ſt the day;
Ye glitt'ring ſtars of light,
To him your homage pay;
His praiſe declare,
Ye heav'ns above,
And clouds that move
In liquid air. In liquid, &c.

Let

Let them adore the Lord,
And praiſe his holy name,
By whoſe almighty word
They all from nothing came;
And all ſhall laſt
From changes free:
His firm decree
Stands ever faſt. Stands ever, &c.

EVENING.

Pſalm 149. *Verſes* 2, *and Glo. Pat. beginning at Verſe* 1.

PROPER TUNE. P. M. SAID TO BE HANDEL'S.

O PRAISE ye the Lord,
Prepare your glad voice,
His praiſe in the great
Aſſembly to ſing;
In our great Creator
Let Iſr'el rejoice;
And children of Sion
Be glad in their King.

Let them his great name
Extol in the dance;
With timbrel and harp
His praiſes expreſs:
Who always takes pleaſure
His ſaints to advance,
And with his ſalvation
The humble to bleſs.

GLO. PAT.

By Angels in heav'n
Of ev'ry degree,
And ſaints upon earth,
All praiſe be addreſs'd.
To God in three perſons,
One God ever bleſt;
As it has been, now is,
And always ſhall be.

Third

FIRST MORNING.

Psalm 36. Verses 3, beginning at Verse 7.

MECKLENBURG. L. M.

SINCE of thy goodneſs all partake,
With what aſſurance ſhould the juſt, With what, &c.
Thy ſhelt'ring wings their refuge make,
And ſaints to thy protection truſt.

Such gueſts ſhall to thy courts be led,
To banquet on thy loves repaſt; To banquet, &c.
And drink as from a fountain's head,
Of joys that ſhall for ever laſt.

With thee the ſprings of life remain,
Thy preſence is eternal day; Thy preſence, &c.
O let thy ſaints thy favour gain;
To upright hearts thy truth diſplay.

SECOND MORNING.

Psalm 24. Verses 4, beginning at Verse 7, and repeated.

DONCASTER. C. M. DR. MILLER.
NEW MELODY.

ERECT your heads, eternal gates,
Unfold, to entertain
The King of Glory; ſee! he comes
With his celeſtial train.

Who is the King of Glory? who?
The Lord for ſtrength renown'd;
In battle mighty o'er his foes,
Eternal victor crown'd.

Erect your heads, ye gates, unfold
In ſtate to entertain
The King of Glory; ſee! he comes
With all his ſhining train.

Who is the King of Glory? who!
The Lord of Hoſts renown'd:
Of glory he alone is King,
Who is with glory crown'd.

EVENING.

Pſalm 30. *Verſes* 4, *beginning at Verſe* 1.

ALVERSTOKE. C. M. DIBDIN.

NEW MELODY.

I'LL celebrate thy praiſes, Lord,
Who did'ſt thy pow'r employ,
To raiſe my drooping head, and check
My foes inſulting joy.

In my diſtreſs I cry'd to thee,
Who kindly did'ſt relieve;
And from the grave's expecting jaws
My hopeleſs life retrieve.

Thus to his courts, ye ſaints of his,
With ſongs of praiſe repair;
With me commemorate his truth,
And providential care.

His wrath was but a moment's reign,
His favour no decay;
Your night of grief is recompens'd,
With joys returning day.

Fourth

FIRST MORNING.

Psalm 106. *Verses* 4, *beginning at Verse* 1.

EMANUEL. L. M. EMANUEL BACH.

NEW MELODY.

O RENDER thanks to God above;
The fountain of eternal love;
Whose mercy firm through ages past
Has stood, and shall for ever last.

Who can his mighty deeds express,
Not only vast, but numberless?
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise?

Happy are they, and only they,
Who from thy judgments never stray;
Who know what's right, not only so,
But always practice what they know.

Extend to me that favour, Lord,
Thou to thy chosen dost afford;
When thou return'st to set them free,
Let thy salvation visit me.

SECOND MORNING.

Psalm 117. *And Gl. Pat.*

ST. MAGNUS. C. M. JER. CLARK.

WITH cheerful notes let all the earth
To heav'n their voices raise;
Let all inspir'd with godly mirth,
Sing solemn hymns of praise.

God's

God's tender mercy knows no bound,
His truth shall ne'er decay;
Then let the willing nations round,
Their grateful tribute pay.

GLO. PAT.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

EVENING.

Psalm 150.

SUFFOLK. L. M. ROTHERHAM.

O PRAISE the Lord in that blest place,
From whence his goodness largely flows;
Praise him in heav'n, where he his face
Unveil'd in perfect glory shows.

Praise him for all the mighty acts
Which he in our behalf has done;
His kindness this return exacts,
With which our praise should equal run.

Let the shrill trumpet's warlike voice
Make rocks and hills his praise rebound;
Praise him with harp's melodious noise,
And gentle psalt'ry's silver sound.

Let virgin-troops soft timbrels bring,
And some with graceful motion dance;
Let instruments of various strings,
With organs join'd, his praise advance.

Let them who joyful hymns compose,
To cymbals set their songs of praise;
Cymbals of common use, and those
That loudly sound on solemn days.

Let all that vital breath enjoy,
The breath he does to them afford,
In just returns of praise employ;
Let ev'ry creature praise the Lord.

Chriſtmas Day.

FIRST MORNING.

Pſalm 2. *Verſes* 7, 8, 10.

BEDFORD. C. M. W. WHEALL, M. B.

ATTEND, O earth, whilſt I declare
God's uncontroul'd decree;
Thou art my Son, this day my heir,
Have I begotten thee.

Aſk and receive thy full demands,
Thine ſhall the Heathen be,
The utmoſt limits of the lands,
Shall be poſſeſs'd by thee.

Learn then, ye princes, and give ear
Ye judges of the earth;
Worſhip the Lord with holy fear,
Rejoice with awful mirth.

SECOND MORNING.

Pſalm 96. *Verſes* 1, 10, 12.

PROPER TUNE. P. M. DR. MILLER.

NEW MELODY.

SING to the Lord a new-made ſong,
Let earth in one aſſembled throng,
Her common patron's praiſe reſound.
Sing to the Lord, and bleſs his name,
From day to day his praiſe proclaim,
Who us hath with ſalvation crown'd.

CHORUS.

To heathen lands his fame rehearſe,
His wonders to the univerſe.

Proclaim

Chriſtmas Day.

Proclaim aloud, Jehovah reigns,
Whoſe pow'r the univerſe ſuſtains,
And baniſh'd juſtice will reſtore;
Let therefore heav'n new joys confeſs,
And heav'nly mirth, let earth expreſs
Its loud applauſe the ocean roar;

CHORUS.

Its mute inhabitants rejoice,
And for this triumph find a voice.

For joy let fertile valleys ſing,
The cheerful groves their tribute bring;
The tuneful choir of birds awake,
The Lord's approach to celebrate,
Who now ſets out in awful ſtate,
His circuit tho' the earth to take:

CHORUS.

From heav'n to judge the world he's come,
With juſtice to reward and doom.

EVENING.

Pſalm 85. *Verſes* 3, *beginning at Verſe* 1.

MANCHESTER. C. M. DR. WAINWRIGHT.

LORD thou haſt granted to thy land,
The favours we implor'd,
And faithful Jacob's captive race,
Has graciouſly reſtor'd.

Thy people's ſins thou haſt abſolv'd,
And all their guilt defac'd;
Thou haſt not let thy wrath flame on,
Nor thy fierce anger laſt.

O God our Saviour, all our hearts
To thy obedience turn;
That quench'd with our repeated tears,
Thy wrath no more may burn.

Psalm 51. *Verses* 3, *beginning at Verse* 1.

GALLWAY. 8. M. DR. MILLER.

NEW MELODY.

HAVE mercy, Lord, on me,
As thou wert ever kind;
Let me, oppreſs'd with loads of guilt,
Thy wonted mercy find.

Waſh off my foul offence,
And cleanſe me from my ſin;
For I confeſs my crime, and ſee
How great my guilt has been.

Againſt thee, Lord, alone,
And only in thy ſight,
Have I tranſgreſs'd, and tho' condemn'd,
Muſt own thy judgment right.

Good Friday.

Psalm 35. *Verses* 2, *beginning at Verse* 11.

WINDSOR. C. M. RAVENSCROFT.

FALSE witneſſes with forg'd complaints,
Againſt my truth combin'd;
And to my charge ſuch things they laid,
As I had ne'er deſign'd.

The good which I to them had done,
With evil they repaid;
And, did by malice undeſerv'd,
My harmleſs life invade.

SECOND MORNING.

Psalm 18. *Verses* 4, 6, 7, 15.

KENT. L. M. GEORGE GREEN.

BY floods of wicked men diſtreſs'd,
With deadly ſorrows compaſs'd round,
With dire infernal pangs oppreſs'd,
In death's unwieldy fetters bound.

To

To heav'n I made my mournful pray'r,
To God addreſs'd my humble moan;
Who graciouſly inclin'd his ear,
And heard me from his lofty throne.

When God aroſe to take my part,
The conſcious earth did quake for fear;
From their firm poſts the hills did ſtart,
Nor could his dreadful fury bear.

The deep its ſecret ſtores diſclos'd;
The worlds foundations naked lay,
By his avenging wrath expos'd,
Which fiercely rag'd that dreadful day.

EVENING.

Pſalm 42. *Verſes* 3, *beginning at Verſe* 9.

BRUNSWICK. C. M. HANDEL.

GOD of my ſtrength, how long ſhall I
Like one forgotten mourn?
Forlorn, forſaken, and expos'd
To my oppreſſor's ſcorn.

My heart is pierc'd as with a ſword,
Whilſt this my foes upbraid,
Vain boaſter, where is now thy God?
And where his promis'd aid?

Why reſtleſs, why caſt down, my ſoul?
Hope ſtill, and thou ſhalt ſing
The praiſe of him who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal ſpring.

Pſalm 47. Verſes 2, beginning at Verſe 5.

ST. MARGARET'S. L. M. DR. BURNEY.

NEW MELODY.

GOD is gone up, our Lord and King,
With ſhouts of joy, and trumpets ſound;
To him repeated praiſes ſing,
And let the cheerful ſong go round.

Your utmoſt ſkill in praiſe be ſhewn,
For him who all the world commands;
Who ſits upon his righteous throne,
And ſpreads his ſway o'er Heathen lands.

Psalm 107. *Verses* 4, *beginning at Verse* 1.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

TO God your grateful voices raiſe,
Who does your daily patron prove;
And let your never-ceaſing praiſe,
Attend on his eternal love.

Let thoſe give thanks whom he from bands
Of proud oppreſſing foes releas'd;
And brought them back from diſtant lands,
From north and ſouth, and weſt and eaſt.

Thro' lonely defart ways they went,
Nor could a peopl'd city find:
Till quite with thirſt and hunger ſpent,
Their fainting ſouls within them pin'd.

Then ſoon to God's indulgent ear,
Did they their mournful cry addreſs;
Who graciouſly vouchſaf'd to hear,
And freed them from their deep diſtreſs.

Fifth

Psalm 66. Verses 3; beginning at Verse 8.

LINCOLN. C. M.

O ALL ye nations bleſs our God,
And loudly ſpeak his praiſe;
Who keeps our ſoul alive, and ſtill
Confirms our ſtedfaſt ways.

For thou haſt tried us, Lord, as fire
Does try the precious ore;
Thou brought'ſt us into ſtraits, where we
Oppreſſing burthens bore.

Inſulting foes did us, their ſlaves,
Thro' fire and water chaſe;
But yet at laſt thou brought'ſt us forth
Into a wealthy place.

Thirtieth

Psalm 94. *Verses* 4, *beginning at Verse* 20.

BURFORD. C. M. SAID TO BE PURCELL'S.

WILT thou, who art a God moſt juſt,
Their ſinful throne ſuſtain,
Who make thy law a fair pretence
Their wicked ends to gain?

Againſt the lives of righteous men
They form their cloſe deſign;
And blood of innocence to ſpill,
In ſolemn league combine.

But my defence is firmly plac'd
In God the Lord moſt high;
He is my rock, to which I may
For refuge always fly.

The Lord ſhall cauſe their ill deſigns
On their own heads to fall;
He in their ſins ſhall cut them off;
Our God ſhall ſlay them all.

APPENDIX.

As the Words of the Hundredth Pſalm, and the Ninth and Tenth Verſes of the Eighteenth Pſalm, old Verſion, have many admirers, they are here inſerted, and may be ſung at pleaſure.

ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice,
Him ſerve with fear, his praiſe forth tell;
Come, ye before him and rejoice.

The Lord ye know is God indeed,
Without our aid he did us make,
We are his flock, he doth us feed,
And for his ſheep he doth us take.

O enter then his gates with praiſe,
Approach with joy his courts unto.
Praiſe, loud, and bleſs his name always,
For it is ſeemly ſo to do.

For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever ſure:
His truth at all times firmly ſtood,
And ſhall from age to age endure.

Part of the Eighteenth Pſalm, old Verſion.

THE Lord deſcended from above,
And bow'd the Heav'ns high;
And underneath his feet he caſt
The darkneſs of the ſky.

On Cherubim and Seraphim,
Full royally he rode,
And on the wings of mighty winds,
Came flying all abroad.

The following Verſification of the Hundred and Fourth Pſalm, by the Rev. Dr. Vincent, may be ſung to the proper Tune of the Hundred and Forty-ninth of Brady and Tate's Verſion.

I

BLESS God, O my ſoul,
Rejoice in his name,
O Lord, let my voice
Thy greatneſs proclaim;
Surpaſſing in honour,
Dominion and might,
Thy throne is the heav'n,
Thy robe is the light.

II. The

II.

The ſky we behold,
A curtai diſplay'd,
The chambers of heav'n,
On waters are laid.
The clouds are a chariot
Thy glory to bear,
On wings thou art wafted,
Thou rideſt on air.

III.

As rapid as fire
Thy angels on high,
Convey thy commands;
Thy miniſters fly.
The earth on its baſis
Eternal ſuſtain'd,
Is fix'd in the ſtation
Thy wiſdom ordain'd.

IV.

The world, when at firſt
From chaos compos'd,
Was void, without form,
In waters inclos'd;
The voice of thy chiding,
Thy thunder was heard,
The waters ſubſided,
The mountains appear'd.

V. Thy

V.

Thy providence fix'd
The ſtream and its ſource;
The ſea knows its bounds,
The rivers their courſe;
Convey'd thro' dark conduits,
Springs riſe on the hills,
They burſt on the fountains,
They fall on the rills.

VI.

The beaſts of the wild
Their foreſt forſake,
The herd quits the field
To drink of the lake;
On trees crown'd with verdure,
Its margin along,
Birds warbling ſweet muſic,
Praiſe God in their ſong.

VII.

Deſcending on hills,
Clouds plenteouſneſs pour,
All nature revives,
Earth ſmiles in the ſhow'r;
A garment of verdure
Apparels the plain,
Fruits ſwell in the garden,
Fields wave with their grain.

VIII.

With moiſture refreſh'd
The vine yields its fruit,
'Tis balm to our hearts,
To health a recruit;
With tranſport we gather
The richneſs of oil;
'Tis ſtrength to our body,
Support to our toil.

IX.

The trees full of ſap
With joy rear their head
The cedars their boughs
O'er Libanus ſpread.
Secure in their covert
The bird flies for reſt;
She ſing on the branches,
She broods on the neſt.

X.

The pine yields a home
The ſtork to ſecure;
The goat on his crag
Defies his purſuer.
E'en creatures too feeble
Themſelves to defend,
On caves and concealment
For ſafety depend.

XI.

The moon by thy law
Encreaſes and wanes,
The ſun keeps the courſe
Thy wiſdom ordains;
He ſets: and the lion
Roams wide for his prey,
But flies to his cavern
When morn brings the day.

XII.

Then man with the ſun
His labour renews;
'Till evening arrives,
That labour purſues.
Such, Lord, is the wiſdom
Thy works all proclaim;
Let earth crown'd with riches,
Rejoice in thy name.

XIII.

Nor here only Lord
Thy might we adore,
The ſea feels thy hand,
Th' abyſs owns thy pow'r;
There tribes without number,
Thy creatures reſort;
Leviathan gambols,
And whales take their ſport.

XIV.

There ſhips ſpread their ſails,
The ſurface to ſweep;
There fiſh nimbly glide,
Conceal'd in the deep;
They all know their ſeaſon,
As ſeaſons ariſe,
And tribes, which thy bounty
Has made, it ſupplies.

XV.

Thy will and thy word
Endues them with breath,
Conſum'd by thy blaſt
They ſhrink into death;
Reſtor'd at thy pleaſure,
New beings repair
To people the waters,
The earth, and the air.

XVI.

Rejoice then, O Lord,
In glory ſecure;
The works thou haſt made,
Thro' ages endure.
Yet aw'd by thy preſence,
When thou draweſt near,
Smoke burſts from the mountains,
Earth trembles with fear.

XVII.

Thus, Lord, let me ſing,
Thy glory to raiſe,
Delightful the ſtrain
When turn'd to thy praiſe;
The vile have their ſuff'rings,
The juſt their reward;
Bleſs God, O my ſpirit,
O praiſe ye the Lord!

Verſion of Part of the Third Chapter of the Wiſdom of Solomon, propoſed to be ſung at Funerals.

The Words by the Rev. George Hay Drummond.

New Melody, by Dr. Miller.

THE righteous ſouls that take their flight
Far from this world of pain,
In God's paternal boſom bleſt,
For ever ſhall remain.

To minds unwiſe they ſeem to die,
All joyful hope to ceaſe;
Whilſt they ſecur'd by faith, repoſe
In everlaſting peace.

For at the great, the awful day,
When Chriſt deſcends from high,
With myriads of angelic ſaints
They'll meet him in the ſky.

Their God, their judge, their mighty Lord,
Shall pour redeeming grace,
And call them ever to behold
The brightneſs of his face.

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ERRATA.

Page 48, in Mancheſter Tune, Pſalm 22 is printed, inſtead of 122.

—— 83, the following Glo. Pat. to be uſed inſtead of the one inſerted in Alverſtoke Tune.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And ſhall be ever more.